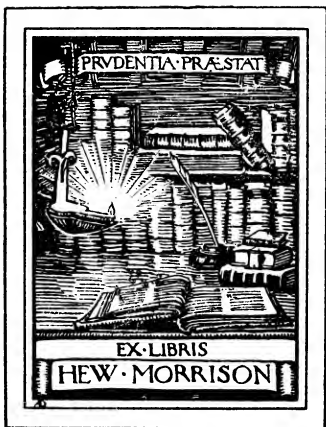


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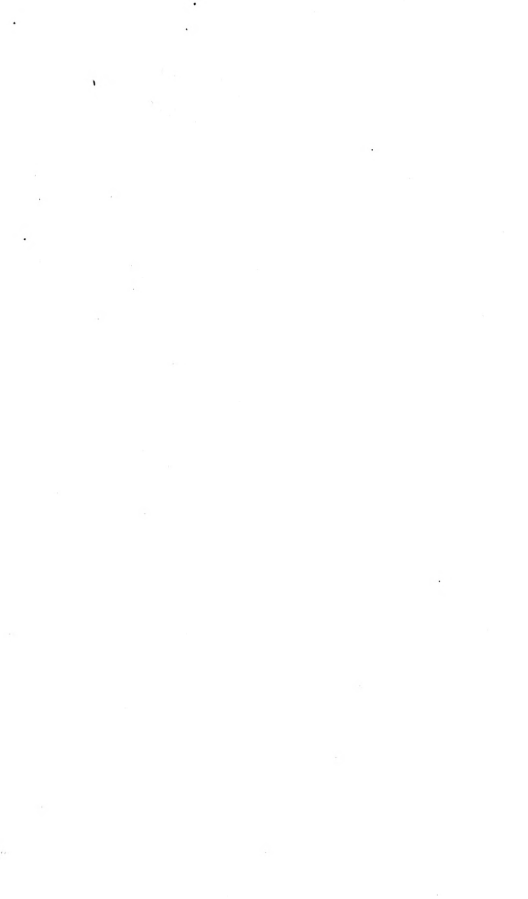


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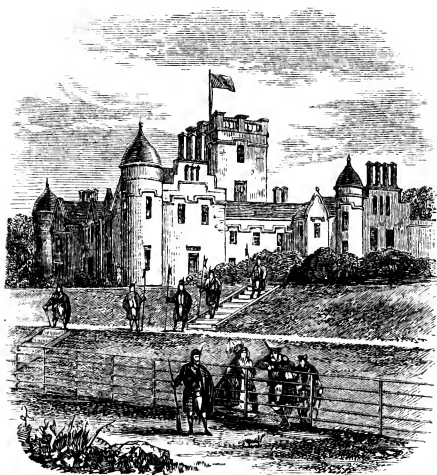
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CASTLE NEWE,
THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES FORBES, BART.

In scenes like these we see once more
The gorgeous days of old restored,
When at yon high embattled door
An hundred vassals hailed their lord.

HIGHLAND LEGENDS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES OF ORIGINAL POETRY,

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GAELIC

AND *VICE VERSA*.

BY

“GLENMORE.”

“ I love thy tales of other days,
Of bloody feuds and sportive fays,
I've heard them on the Highland braes
When youth was in its glee ;
And now like some long absent friend
That on youth's frolics did attend,
They smiling come to me.”

—*From Address to “GLENMORE.”*

SECOND EDITION.

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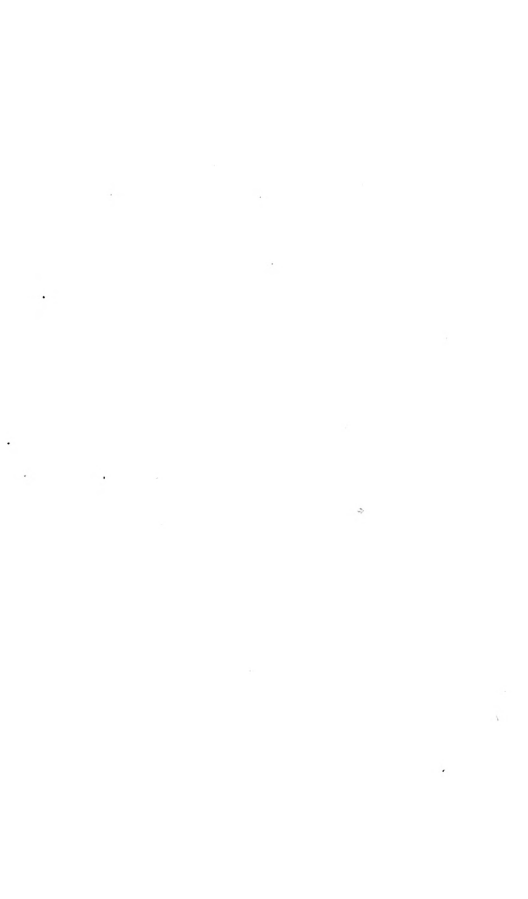
Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF FIFE.

TAKING advantage of the permission so kindly granted, the Author of the following trifles has no small pleasure and pride in bringing his little book into the light of publicity, under the distinguished patronage of your Ladyship's name.

That the time-honoured name of MacDuff finds a ready passport to the heart of every Highlander, is a fact already well known, and the writer is aware that in the present instance its application will not a little enhance the value of his humble work in the eyes of the greater part of his readers.

There are certain qualities which give lustre to the brightest gilded coronet, but which are not always to be found united to high rank and station. These, however, are to be recognized in your Ladyship's personal character; and without further needless tribute to worth so great, the Author is perfectly confident that he only re-echoes the sentiments of many a loyal heart of his country, when he prays that your Ladyship may be long spared in the bosom of an affectionate family—at once the pride of the noble and the friend of the poor.

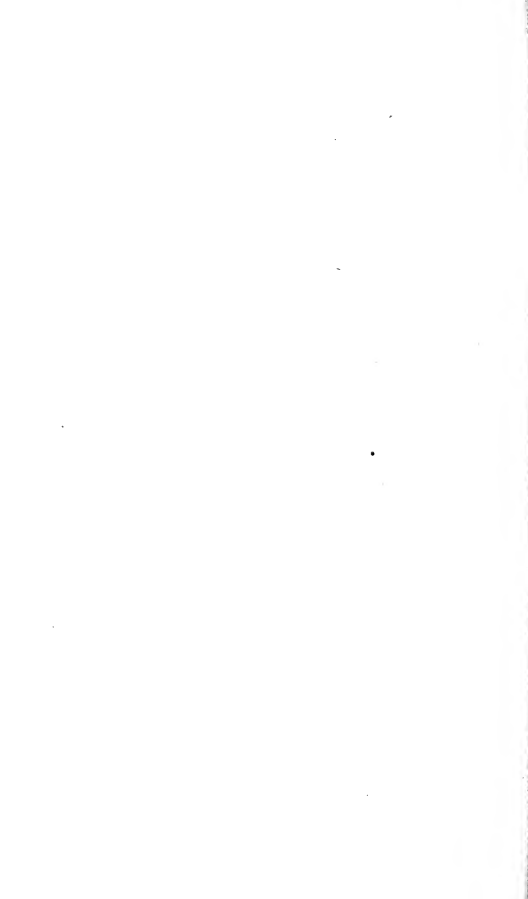


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P R E F A C E .

IN an age when scholarship is the rule, it may occasion surprise that a rude unlettered Highlander, born and bred among the mountains of Scotland, should presume to write a book ; but the Author of the following pages, if he has erred, appeals to the forbearance of a generous public, and trusts that, however unpolished his productions may be, the effort to rescue from the precarious conservation of Tradition some of the tales and legends which have for generations amused, and still continue to amuse and entertain, the Highland hearths of his country, may not be altogether without desert.

During his boyhood it was one of his chief delights to listen to and treasure in his memory the tales and legends of his Highland home, and

“ When the night was spent with songs of old,”
And mystic fairy tales were told,
He felt his youthful heart aspire
To tune some day the mountain lyre.

And as he grew in years, and learned, though imperfectly, to commit his ideas to paper, he resolved, on some future day—and without aspiring by it either to fame or fortune—to give his legendary lore to the public in the manner now before it.

It will be observed that he has written or copied to a large extent in a language which in every case has not been rendered intelligible to many of his Subscribers, and he can only say that he was constrained to this by a deeply-rooted desire to rescue from oblivion the merits of departed genius, and he hopes that the attempt will be appreciated by the bulk of his readers.

He now gratefully acknowledges the friendly and disinterested assistance of his many patrons and friends, which has enabled him to accomplish his task, and assures them that the recollections of their many acts of kindness will only cease with the last sigh of “GLENMORE.”

HIGHLAND LEGENDS, &c.

CHIEFTAINSHIP OF THE CLAN CHATTAN—BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVON—RELICS IN CLUNY CASTLE.

THE love of power, and a natural desire to obtain command over his fellow-creatures upon earth, are often observed to be prominent features in the character of man, and once “dressed in a little brief authority,” he becomes jealous of any attempt to lower him in the estimation of the world, or detract from his high estate. This being the common feeling of mankind, no exemption can be claimed for the Highlanders of Scotland, who have inherited from their ancestors a proud unbending spirit, and a marked determination, upon all occasions, and at all hazards, to maintain their honours, and uphold their personal consequence.

It would be difficult to adduce a more prominent example of this latter trait in the character of the Scottish Gael than the bitter contention for the chieftainship of the Clan-Chattan Confederation, which has existed for more than five hundred years, between the

families of Mackintosh of Mackintosh and Macpherson of Cluny. It is not here to be attempted to decide a question about which learned antiquaries entertain different opinions, and which has puzzled the ablest judges and most eminent counsel in the supreme courts of the kingdom. But an outline of the arguments on both sides may be given, and the reader left to form his own opinion as to which of the parties is by right entitled to assume the name and dignity of "Chief of Clan Chattan."

It is not disputed that the headship of the clan was originally in the paternal ancestry of Cluny Macpherson. In the days when they flourished, however, strife and discord prevailed to such an alarming extent among the Celtic tribes, that the Clan Chattan had divided themselves into various families or Septs, each assuming a distinctive patronymic, and acknowledging a separate head or chieftain. The result of this was that a continual series of contentions and quarrels existed between different branches of the original confederacy.

The most reliable authorities inform us that the famous combat on the North Inch of Perth, A.D. 1396, took place for the express purpose of settling the differences of two branches of this clan, who had long entertained a mortal hatred to each other, and we are informed by the same authority, that some eminent writers have fallen into mistake by confounding the name "Dabhia" or "Mac Dabhia," (*i. e.*, Davidson,) with the Clan Kay or Mackay. In order, if possible, to remove the cause of this continual strife, the Scottish Government enacted that one special Chief or Captain should be appointed by warrant of the king, to the supreme headship of

the confederacy, and that all branches of the Clan should acknowledge him as their Chief, and be bound to obey, and be led by him in the day of battle. This dignity was conferred upon Shaw Mac Duff, who was descended from a second son of the Thane of Fife, and it would rather appear that the Government, in selecting him, must have been influenced by other considerations than his pedigree, as the sole claim he had to the honour on that account was his having married Eva, the only daughter and heiress of Donal Dall, who had been previously considered as the hereditary Chief. Shaw, having thus obtained the leadership of the Clan Chattan, assumed the name of "Mac Toiseach," or first man, and the Mackintosh of the present day, being lineally descended from him, lays claim to the titles and honours of his ancestor.

Cluny, on the other hand, deduces his pedigree from the original stock of Chiefs, previous to this Government appointment of Shaw Mac Duff, and his marriage with Eva, the heiress of Donal Dall. The controversy would thus seem to turn upon the single point whether, although

" A king can mak a belted knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that,"

the creation of a Highland Chief may not be entirely "above his might," or whether the time-honoured feudal lords of Scotland could have obtained their dignity and standing by any other means than through the blood of their ancestors, as descending to them from the male line only. A very notable instance of the independence, or, as some may call it, the obstinacy of

certain Septs of this Clan occurred at the battle of Invernahavon, in Badenoch, between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons of Lochaber. The Mackintosh had obtained a feudal charter over some lands in the braes of Lochaber, which had from time immemorial been occupied by members of the Clans Cameron and M'Donald. These Clans, from their long possession, at length considered the lands as their own property, and resisted payment of rent or other tribute to the Mackintosh. The Mackintosh, however, persisted in what he conceived his legal right to the lands, and prosecuted his claims by arresting and poinding the goods and chattels of the inhabitants. By way of retaliation, the Camerons, during one of their frequent predatory excursions into the territories of their neighbours, made a descent upon the lands of Mackintosh in Strathdearn and Badenoch, and lifted a large booty, with which they were on their way home to Lochaber when overtaken at Invernahavon by the Mackintoshes and their kinsmen of the names of Macpherson and Davidson. The Camerons, notwithstanding their inferiority in point of numbers to the united force of their pursuers, marshalled themselves in order of battle, and showed a determination to defend to the death the ill-gotten spoil of which they were in possession. In making the necessary dispositions of attack, the Mackintosh thoughtlessly, or more likely, perhaps, through favouritism for their readier acquiescence in the acknowledgment of his command, assigned the right of the position to the Davidsons. The Macphersons were particularly incensed at this arrangement, which they considered in no other light than as a deliberate insult

to their clannish pretensions. They accordingly refused to advance to the charge, stood aloof, and remained idle spectators of the fight.

As the combat waxed hotter and increased, the advantage of the Camerons over their adversaries became apparent enough, but the pride of the Macphersons remained unmoved, and they continued to view with seeming unconcern the inevitable destruction of their kindred clansmen. At this most critical juncture the Mackintosh despatched his bard to the camp of the Macphersons, and in plaintive and remonstrative language the man of song strove to impress upon the haughty clan the silly nature of their present position, and the cold and unbecoming apathy with which they regarded the impending fate of their brethren and companions in arms.

The expostulations of the bard had the desired effect, and the Macphersons, wheeling round, sprang to the rescue and support of their comrades. The consequence of this was that the Camerons now suffered unmitigated slaughter. They could no longer stand their ground, and the few that survived were driven homeward in broken and bleeding parties, leaving behind them the now redeemed plunder of the Mackintoshes.

The exact date of the battle of Invernahavon is not known, but it is generally believed to have taken place previous to the mortal combat at Perth, and indeed to have been the principal origin of that bloody conflict. Such repeated acts of insubordination, however, on the part of Cluny and his clan would lead to the supposition that at no time did he or his clan acknowledge the superiority of the Mackintosh, and that they only looked upon him as a nominal chief, in possession of fictitious

honours, which, they held, were not in the power of kings legitimately to bestow.

Immediately previous to the dissolution of Highland Chiefship in its true integrity, when a bold attempt was made to regain the British Crown for the descendant of the ancient royal house of Scotland, the famous "Green Standard" of the Macphersons was raised in favour of the popular cause. Cluny and his clan did good service in covering the retreat of the Highland army from England, and also in a series of skirmishes with the royal troops in Perthshire during the winter preceding the battle of Culloden. Their absence on this occasion, when the final blow was struck, is deeply lamented by that gallant soldier and excellent poet, Colonel Roy Stuart, in his "Song on the day of Culloden," where he says—

"Clann Mhuirich na 'm buaidh
Iadsan uile bhìdh bhuain
Bu mhisd sinn sud ri uair n' ur feum."

and which has been rendered, though not with much literal exactness :—

"Mac Mhuirich, the child of victory styled,
How he sighed when he saw that his clan was afar."

There is preserved at Cluny Castle, and in possession of the present Chief, an autograph letter of Prince Charles, written in a cave in Lochaber, and dated 18th Sept., 1746, and reads as follows :—

"MACPHERSON OF CLUNY,

As we are sensible of your and

Clan's fidelity and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the year 1745 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses, both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a gratefull return, suitable to your sufferings.

(Signed)

CHARLES, P. R.

At Cluny Castle may also be seen the silver-mounted shield, pistols, and sporan, worn by Charles at Culloden, and among innumerable other valuable relics of the olden time which are held by the present enthusiastic Highland-hearted proprietor in the highest veneration, not the least noticeable object is the famous chanter or whistle, known as "Feadan dubh Chlann Chattan," *i. e.*, (the black whistle of the Clan Chattan.)

To this antique musical instrument many interesting traditionary stories are attached, commencing as far back as the Perth combat of 1396. It bears, engraven on a silver plate, a Gaelic inscription by an eminent modern author, and a superstition having existed that the possession of the article was enough to ensure prosperity in the family in which it remained, it has frequently formed the bone of contention and rivalry. The "Black Whistle" has now, however, found quiet repose under the roof of the genuine representative of its original possessors, where it is to be hoped its once acknowledged weirdish qualities may have their full effect, and this is certainly no more than every leal-hearted Highlander could wish.

ROTHIEMURCHUS—THE SHAWS AND THE CUMMINGS
—TRAGEDY OF LAG-NAN-CUIMINACH.

THERE are, perhaps, among the mountains of northern Caledonia, few spots of earth where the beautiful, the picturesque, and sublime commingle in a more perfect harmony than upon the small highland estate of Rothiemurchus, on the banks of the Spey, in the county of Inverness.

Rothiemurchus is situated at the northern base of the Cairngorm range, and facing it to the north, beyond the Spey, towers the majestic Craigellachie, on the summit of which of old blazed the beacon fires of the Strathspey Grants, and the name of which constituted the battle-cry of the clan.

Its name is most probably derived from the Gaelic “Rath mhor Ghuithais,” (in other words, the plain of the tall pines,) and the same designation is even at the present day singularly applicable to the general outline of the district, and considerable vestiges of the ancient forest still remain. Rothiemurchus anciently formed the patrimonial possession of a branch of the numerous Clan

Chattan, who were known by the distinctive name of Shaw, and were a fierce and determined race of men.

Unvaried tradition bears that Shaw "Sgor-fhiachlach" (buck-toothed) of Rothiemurchus was captain of the thirty men of his clan who made such a notable display on the North Inch of Perth, A.D., 1396, (*vide* Shaw's history of the province of Moray,) and history also records that fourteen of the family fell at the battle of Harlaw in 1411, the Shaws having on that occasion followed their chief to support the vain and preposterous pretensions of Donald, Lord of the Isles.

The Shaws were, however, ultimately dispossessed by the Cummings, who, in the fourteenth century, ruled with a rod of iron over almost the entire extent of the province of Moray.

Doubtless about this same time did the latter name obtain the unenviable character expressed in the old Celtic couplet—

"Cho fad is bhios craobh an coille
Bidh foill 'n Cuiminach."

i. e.,

"While in the wood there is a tree
A Cumming will deceitful be."

In resisting the encroachments of the Cummings, the Shaws, being by far the weaker party—in point of numbers, at least—were always worsted, many were killed, and among others the "Laird" or head man of the name, suffered death at the hands of the tyrannous aggressors. It may be presumed that the Cummings had fully resolved upon the indiscriminate destruction of the Shaws, and indeed may have even conspired among themselves something after the fashion of Herod of old,

when the Jewish ruler carried his vengeance into effect upon the male children of Bethlehem.

A female dependant of Shaw, who at the time of the slaughter nursed his only child, a boy only a few months old, to avoid the horrors of the scene, and for the preservation of her treasured charge, took flight to the hills. The heroic woman continued her course southward, crossed the mountains, and sought out the residence of the Baron of Strathardle, in the Highlands of Perthshire, whom she knew to have been an intimate friend of her late master. She at once communicated to the Baron the urgent cause of her sudden flight, and the mournful intelligence of recent proceedings at Rothiemurchus. This good man, having taken all matters into consideration, told the faithful woman that she might forthwith return to her friends, and that the young and rightful heir of Rothiemurchus would be reared and brought up with as much tenderness and care as any member of his own family.

Having every confidence in the sincerity of this very liberal proposal, the devoted nurse returned accordingly to her home only to see her acquaintances and friends trampled upon and scourged by the cruel Cumming race, and the dear old *duchas* of the Shaws apparently in the irredeemable possession, and subject to the rule, of the heartless invader. Days and years rolled on in monotonous succession, and few indeed were even aware that those days and years added vigour to the growth, and were maturing for action, the energies of an unjustly disinherited orphan, who was yet destined successfully to contest his claim of right with the proud house of Cumming.

Until he attained the age of discretion, the youthful *protégé* himself was not clearly made aware of the true nature of his birthright, and when a thorough explanation was at length made, his whole time was spent in devising a scheme to recover his patrimony, and avenge the murder of his father.

In course of time he determined upon paying a secret visit to Rothiemurchus for the purpose of ascertaining the real state of matters, and, if possible, to wrench from the enemies of his race the heritage which they so unjustly possessed. He accordingly set out on his perilous journey, escorted by a strong body of followers, and landed under shade of night at Rothiemurchus. He lost no time in seeking out the guardian of his childhood, and upon being directed to the lone cottage, of which she was the sole occupant, found the door securely bolted from the inside. He at once announced himself, and begged to be admitted, but his voice having now become quite strange to her who was within, no persuasion could induce her to unfasten the door. The poor creature could hardly credit his appearance in the district, but at length, after many protestations as to his real person and name, he was informed that, by inhaling his breath through the key hole, she would be able at once to satisfy herself as to his identity. By way of hoaxing the old woman, or of testing the efficacy of this singular and tender mode of recognition, he desired one of his attendants to act his part in the first experiment.

The result was a prompt reply that he was by no means the fondly remembered individual, in the name of whom he represented himself, and this declaration was

followed up by a melancholy exclamation, made in decided accents, to the following effect, "Away! away! cold is the odour of your breath in comparison with that of the dear child who once was my extreme care." Shaw could no longer endure the idea of trifling thus with the feelings of one who evidently entertained such a kindly recollection of himself, and having explained the deception that had been practised upon her, now sacredly promised to comply in person with her injunction. Having done this, and by the same means satisfied the now overjoyed creature of the truth of his assertion, the door flew open, and he was warmly received in her arms. After the congratulations attendant upon this very sudden and unexpected interview were over, anxious inquiries were made as to the position of matters in the neighbourhood.

It was ascertained that the whole male community were absent at the time on a foraging expedition in the low country, and that their arrival with the booty at Rothiemurchus was expected upon the following day. The absence of the Cummings was considered a most fortunate occurrence, and a circumstance to be taken immediate advantage of in some shape or other.

A plan was concerted for intercepting them on their homeward course, and by so doing obtain a complete victory, or perish in the attempt. The adventurers passed a sleepless night at the cottage, and appeased their famished appetites by slaughtering the poor woman's only cow, the flesh of which they roasted before the heat of a monster fire of peat and moss fir. It may be supposed that the hospitality of the worthy hostess was unbounded, and that no exertion on her part was

spared to render their comforts as complete as possible. She no doubt foresaw that if her favourite succeeded in regaining possession of his estate, her condition would be one of ease and comfort for the remaining part of her days. Towards morning, Shaw and his companions having trimmed their arms and made their dispositions for the day as much to their own satisfaction as circumstances would admit of, began to fancy the Cummings within the grasp of their inveterate vengeance, and exulted in the thought of encompassing the complete destruction of the unsuspecting band. They took up a secluded position on the Callort hill, at the eastern extremity of Rothiemurchus, and situated between two roads leading to the district from Strathspey. This, according to the opinion of the old woman, was the most suitable station from which to attack the Cummings on their homeward course, and the aged heroine herself was to act a part in assisting to decide the fortune of the day. She ascended to the summit of an adjacent eminence, in order to give warning of the approach of the enemy, and by a preconcerted signal to intimate either of the two roads by which they would be seen to advance. After a period of most watchful suspense, the unprepared and doomed party made their appearance, and slowly advanced in a direct line to the very spot where the ambush lay.

Immediately upon the alarm being given by their sentry on the height—the watchword being “Tha na Gobhair anns a Challort,” *i. e.*, “The Goats are in the Callort,”—Shaw and his party prepared for the dreadful onset. Like maddened demons they attacked their astonished victims, who had neither time nor op-

portunity to rally for their own defence, and in consequence were to a man put to the sword. The Cummings had been travelling in detached parties, and each succeeding party, being ignorant of the fate of its predecessors, soon mingled with their gore in that den of death, which has ever since been known by the name of "Lag-nan-Cuiminach," or hollow of the Cummings. The mangled carnage of dead bodies found burial on the spot, and the green grassy mounds, which, after the lapse of some centuries, overtop the heather at this scene of blood-thirsty vengeance, mark the resting place and commemorate the overthrow of one of the most savage races of men that ever existed among the Highlands of Scotland.

TRAGEDY OF "LAG-AN-DALAISICH"—
FEUDS BETWEEN THE GRANTS AND THE SHAWS—
INTERVENTION OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR.*

AFTER the affair of "Lag-nan-Cuiminach," no material barrier existed between Shaw and his assuming the direction of his patrimonial property. His kinsmen and friends, who had so long groaned under the rule of the Cummings, now rallied round their youthful and rightful superior. The restoration of the second Charles was not hailed by his loyal subjects with greater expressions of joy than was the accession of Shaw to the recovered possession of his ancestors by the inhabitants of Rothiemurchus. Shaw's mother had still survived, and resided in the district. During the minority of her son, she had contracted a second marriage with a low-countryman of the name of Dallas. The young heir now invited his mother and stepfather to reside with him in his mansion of Doune, and for a while everything went on smoothly in the family. In course of time,

* These legends having been entirely obtained from oral tradition, no proper data can be given, nor is the connection of events to be implicitly relied upon.

however, some signs of discordant feelings between Shaw and his new connection began to manifest themselves, and the young man was of too proud and fiery a spirit to conceal his increasing ill-will and enmity towards his stepfather.

A disagreeable altercation having at one time occurred between them in company, Shaw waited his opportunity, and, on their way homeward, at a spot to this day known as "Lag-an-Dalaisich," *i. e.*, "Dallas' Den," suddenly drawing his dagger or dirk, he attacked Dallas, and there and then, and with as little ceremony as is possible to conceive, despatched his victim.

The vengeful spite of the murderer was, it would seem, not to be satisfied by the bare committal of the dark deed. Having cut off the head of the slaughtered man, he bore the bleeding trophy to his mother, and, with an air of the very smallest concern, tossing it towards her, he tauntingly exclaimed, "There, for you, the head of your blackguard husband." The excitement of the poor woman at the sight of the horrid spectacle may be easily conceived.

The keenest resentment was aroused in her breast toward her guilty child for the most unnatural part he had acted, and she did all in her power to stir up the vigilance of the law, even in its then feeble strength, against her unworthy son, the murderer of her husband. Upon those whom she considered as the most likely instruments in her hand for effecting the ruin of her own detested offspring, the widow unceasingly impressed the enormity of the crime, and the injustice entailed upon herself. The result was, that the young Shaw was

forthwith proclaimed a proscribed outlaw, in regular phrase and form, and his whole rights and possessions, heritable and moveable, reverted to the Crown. Shaw soon afterwards died broken-hearted and despised. The "Laird of Grant" ultimately purchased the forfeiture at a mere nominal price, and after some fruitless negotiations with the Shaws towards the restoration of the estate to the family, he settled Rothiemurchus upon his namesake and kinsman, Patrick Grant of Muckrach, in exchange for the latter property.

In those days particularly, in the Highlands, where *might* was *right*, the acquisition by the Grants of the lands of Rothiemurchus was considered by many to be neither honourable nor just, and on that account the Grants had many difficulties to contend with in assuming the direction of affairs in connection with their new and legally acquired lands.

The race of Shaw now scattered themselves over the country, and many of them obtained an asylum upon the lands of the Mackintosh, in Badenoch, in close proximity to Rothiemurchus. Such of the name as settled there bent themselves upon becoming a source of continual annoyance to the Grants, towards whom they had conceived the most deeply rooted hatred, for no other reason than being superseded by them on the latter property.

The Grants were thus subjected to daily insult and injury at the hands of those disagreeable neighbours, and many a humorous "fracas" and petty skirmish are recorded as having taken place between the two factions. In illustration of the bitter rancour which subsisted between the parties, the following somewhat

amusing anecdote may be given, so very characteristic of the times :—

A certain patriarch of the Grant family, while pointing out to a friend the exact spot in the churchyard of Rothiemurchus in which he would wish his body to obtain burial, and this being fixed upon in the mere outskirts of the ground, and at a considerable distance from the Church, close to which the Shaws buried their dead,* the other party expressed astonishment at his having chosen such an extreme and isolated position. The “wise man,” however, explained that he had a very good reason for deciding as he did, and upon being interrogated on the subject, explained that he had a wish, at the general re-animation and rising, to be at such a distance from the Shaws as to enable him to make good his escape.

* Here is pointed out the grave of the famous Shaw “Sgor-fhiacloch,” covered by a rough unpolished flag, on which are laid a number of loose portions of stone. These are held by the country people in sacred veneration, and it was long the belief, should any of them be removed, that by some supernatural agency they would again return to their long unmolested position upon the grave of the hero.

The following beautiful poetical epitaph is engraved on the tombstone of another member of the clan :—

“ Void of external pomp or show
On earth he passed his days,
Without disguise the truth he spoke,
His ear was deaf to praise.

“ He never bowed before the great,
Nor scorned the humble poor,
No bribe could e’er to foul deceit
His upright mind allure.

“ In tranquil paths of private life,
His virtues brightly shone,
When the appointed period came,
He died without a groan.”

These unseemly and barbarous contentions were carried on for many years, and it being generally supposed that the Shaws were rather encouraged than otherwise by their superior, the Mackintosh, and his clan, in their lawless proceedings, no termination of the quarrel seemed apparent. Grant, or "Mac Alpine" of Rothiemurchus, at length fell upon an expedient which at once relieved his anxiety and secured him and his dependents against further molestation and encroachment of the Shaws. Being in relationship or on some other friendly terms with the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor, who was at the time in command of a party of brigands among the wilds of Perthshire, Mac Alpine communicated to his friend the most uncomfortable nature of his position, and implored his assistance or advice in the matter. The noble and warm-hearted Rob, always the sworn enemy of dishonourable conduct and oppression, without the least hesitation marched his brave and warlike band across the mountains to Rothiemurchus.

The Shaws were summoned to immediate combat, but they very prudently declined the honour of engaging "foemen worthy of their steel." The MacGregors remained some days at Rothiemurchus, but no enemy making himself visible, they returned homeward, and after making this daring demonstration in his favour, they again left Mac Alpine to the tender mercies of the Shaws. Rob Roy, however, took the precaution of leaving behind him two of the bravest and fastest of his clansmen, with instructions to bear to him the tidings with all expedition should the Shaws again revert to their former method of aggression, or for the future show the least insolence to his friend the Laird of Rothiemurchus.

The Shaws, however, it appears, had considered that the intervention of such a character as Rob Roy was a circumstance not to be trifled with, and the Grants have ever since remained in the undisturbed possession of their property. The two MacGregors settled in the district, and never had occasion to communicate with their Chief. One of them married a natural daughter of the Laird, called "Mari Bhuidhe," or Yellow-haired Mary, a woman of celebrated beauty, and their descendants continue the vassals of the present proprietor. On this same MacGregor, and in connection with his betrothal to the "beauty" of the country, was composed the favourite Highland air,

"Dhuine thainig a Bochudair," &c.

i. e.,

Thou man who from Balquhither came.

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

THE popular and well-known tune “na Tulaichean,” commonly called the reel of Tulloch, is claimed by the inhabitants of Strathspey as being a composition connected with the district. There are many places in northern Caledonia known by the name “Tulloch,” or more frequently “Tulich,” and the Highlanders of Ross-shire, Deeside, and others,

“Would make bold to carry the honour away
From the far more musical banks of the Spey.”

In support of its claim the district of Tulloch, in the parish of Abernethy, Strathspey, has the advantage of the annexed legend or tradition, more than two hundred years old, and a Gaelic song, agreeing in every point with the popular tradition. The song—of very antiquated composition—and sung to the measure of the tune, was learned by the writer from the mouth of an old Highlander, who some years ago died, bordering upon the age of 90 years. The song is here given, and from the strain of its composition and its marked coincidence with the popular tradition, will not fail to convince the Celtic reader, at least, that the district of

Tulloch, Abernethy, has a right to claim this favourite tune as peculiarly its own. The traditionary legend bearing upon the subject runs thus:—About two centuries ago, the district of Tulloch was held in wadset from the Lairds of Grant, by a race of petty chieftains of their own name, familiarly known by the patriarchal title of “Fear Thùlach.” At the time alluded to, the head of the House of Tulloch had an only son of the name of Allan, and also a daughter, who was very widely known as “Iseabel Dubh Thulach,” or, in other words, Isabel, the dark-haired maid of Tulloch. The midwife who officiated at the birth of Isabel, was one of those who, according to the character of the times, was thought qualified to read the future destiny of newly-born infants, and from some dark and very inauspicious omens, in the present case, she prognosticated that if the young daughter of the house of Tulloch should survive to attain the age of womanhood, her career would be one of blood and mischief. It is even asserted, that from the strength of this *wise woman’s* declaration, a proposition was made for the immediate destruction of the baby, as the only sure means of frustrating the consequences which might reasonably be expected to result from those ill-starred appearances. The maiden of Tulloch was, however, it seems, spared the execution of this dread sentence, and lived to be a handsome, tall, and courageous young woman, and upon reaching the marriageable state, was courted and sought by many chivalrous and high-minded gallants, in whom the age was so very prolific. But in her case also the old adage, viz., “the course of true love never did run smooth,” was truly exemplified, and “Isabel Dubh” had a favoured but

secret lover in the person of "Ian-dubh-gearr-Mac-Grigoir." This individual, who was a member of the proscribed but brave clan, the lawless MacGregors, and the veritable "Ian dugar" of Spalding, who acted such a conspicuous part in the troubles of Scotland about the time that quaint historian wrote. The immediate relatives of the lady were anything but friendly disposed towards any intercourse with MacGregor, and pointed to a more suitable match than the persecuted outlaw, a gentleman of the Robertson clan, and who was also passionately in love with this "fair maid of raven locks." Macgregor had thus only rare and but stealthy opportunities of indulging in the pleasant company of his beloved, whilst his more fortunate rival had every facility and encouragement from the friends of the lady, and although she with maidenly pride treated his advances with marked coldness, the dastard lover still persevered unflinchingly in his amour, and at length, taking advantage of the law as edicted against MacGregor and his clan, he formed the base resolution of encompassing the destruction of Isabel Dubh's clandestine visitor. Having at one time met MacGregor in his wanderings, Robertson attempted the capture of the outlaw, and procured the assistance of seven of a party for that purpose. The single-handed Highlander was, however, more than a match for his would-be captors, and he made his escape after having dealt many heavy blows upon his assailants. As narrated in the song, MacGregor fled forthwith to Strathspey, and was warmly welcomed by the object of his sincere love, but thither an augmented party pursued, and eagerly sought out the lurking-place of this much-persecuted son of Alpine,

who, as was conceived, kept lurking in the neighbourhood of the home of her in whom his affections centred. A strict search was instituted, under the guidance of Allan Dubh, the brother of Isabel, and before she had the opportunity of communicating to him warning of his danger, the barn in which he happened to be concealed at the time was surrounded by armed men. The shrieks and well-known voice of his sweetheart—in tremulous accents, it may be supposed—were the first sounds to rouse him from his sleep. She encouraged him to active exertion, and as it was now with him a mere matter of life or death, he determined that his capture would not be effected without the most vigorous resistance on his own part, and his devoted Isabel volunteered her assistance in a much more heroic manner than frail womankind is commonly supposed to be capable of. Whilst MacGregor stoutly defended the barn door, and by the gallant use of his claymore wounded and maimed whoever dared attempt to enter, Isabel actively employed herself at loading the deadly musket, which he at intervals discharged, and always with true effect. At the early part of the engagement she had imploringly commanded her lover to take sure aim at “him who wore the red waistcoat,” this being her own brother, who was among the first to fall. From the ancient metrical account of this bloody affair, the conclusion to be come to is, that the entire band of assailants were discomfited, and suffered death at the hands of MacGregor, who, in the exultation of the moment of victory, and the pleasurable sensation attendant upon enjoying for the first time undisturbed the society of his “ladye love,” composed and danced the famous

Tulloch Reel, which has continued to be so much prized by his countrymen of succeeding generations. It would, however, appear that the felicity of the lovers was but of short duration. The law laid a price upon the head of MacGregor, and Isabel Dubh was apprehended and incarcerated for the active part she had taken in this deed of blood.

It is asserted that "Ian-dubh-gear" was soon after shot whilst in the act of crossing the Spey at a place called the Black's Boat, and his head being carried and presented to Isabel Dubh for identification, the shock was too much for even her stout heart to bear, and she died in confinement, from the anguish and grief brought on by the last awful fate of him who upon earth she valued and loved the most.

An Luinneag.

'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean;
'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
Gu 'n òll sinn uisgè Bhealaichean.

Bu Ghrigareach do rìreamh,
A Ruadh shruth ann Gleannliomhunn,
A rinn an ceol tha riomhach;
Ris canar leinn na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' ann an Tigh na Sraidè,
A thug iad ionnsuidh bhàis air,
'S mur bitheadh è ro ladair,
Bha ochdnar nàmh ro mhurrach air.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ach labhair Iain-Dubh-Gearr riubh,
Bha mi ann 's a cheardaich,*

* Alluding to his being armed.

'S cha chrom mi sis mo cheann duibh,
Ge d' thionndadh sibh uile rium.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'N sin bhuail iad uil' air còladh,
'S ge d' bha Iain Dubh na ònar,
Cha b-ann d' am buannachd toiseach,
Bha fuil mu' shroin na h-uillè fir.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S 'n uair thaisg e suas a gheur-lann,
'S a dh' ioc e mheud 's a dh' eigh è,
Thug e 'n sin Srath Spè air,
'S bha tè ann a chuir furan air.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chuir iad cuideachd ladair,
Ann deigh Iain Duibh Mhic Phadric,
'S 'n uair shaoil leo è bhi 'n sàs ac',
'S e bàs bh' air a chumadh dhoibh.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Oir thainig fios an uaigneas,
Do 'n t-shabhal, 's è na shuain ann,
"Tog ort, Iain Duibh, 's bidh glusaadh,
'S thoir as cho luath 's a 's urra dhuit."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S e thuirt a leannan ceutach,
"A ghaoil, cuir ort ! 's bidh treunmhor,
Is dhuit bithidh mise feumail,
Oir eiridh mi gu 'd chuideachadh."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

"Thoir uidheam dhomh gu surdail,
Is lionaidh mi gu dlùth dhuit ;
'N sin cumsa, ghraidh, do chùl rium,
'S do shùil air na h-uillè fear."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Sheall e cia lion bh' ann diu,
Mu 'n rachadh e gu 'n ionnsuidh ;
Bha dà fhear dheug, a's ceannard,
Co teann air 's a b' urra iad.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chum e riu a bhòtach,
 'S bha Isabail 'g a chònadh,
 Cha do thàr iad gus an eolas,
 'S ann loen e gu h-ullamh iad.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ghearr e leum gu h-eatrom,
 Gu 'n ionnsuidh, agus fraoch air,
 Cha d' fhag e ceann air h-aon diu,
 Thoirt sgeul air an turas ud.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Mo bheannachd air an t-shealgair,
 An-ad chuirean earbsa,
 'S tu rinn an gnìomh neo-cheatbach ;
 'S tu dhearbh a bhi urramach.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Thurt Iain Dubh, 's e tionndadh,
 " 'O n' rinn mi 'n gnìomh bha shannt orm,
 Ghaoil, grad thoir deoch do 'n leann domh,
 'S gu 'n danns' mi na Tulaichean."
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Gach breitheamh fad na tìrè,
 Mu labhras iad an fhirinn,
 Do 'n thig do cheol a fìlean,
 Dhuibh 's e 'n rìgh na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Tha Tulach-gorm is Seann-triubhas,
 Ro anamail ann 's an am so,
 Is ge do tha, cha samhl' iad,
 Do m' annsachd, na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge math a Chutach-chaol-dubh,
 'S gach ceol ata re fhaotain,
 Cha d-thig iad mar fhad glaidhe,
 Do m' ghaolsa, na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' e 'n t-aidhear is an t-aoibhneas,
 'N àm cruinneachadh re cheilè,
 'N uair chluinneadhmid na teudan,
 Ga 'n gleusadh do na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Air feillibh, no aig bàinnsibh,
'N uair theid an deoch nan ceannsa,
Gu 'n eirich fonn air seann daoine',
A dhannasadh nan Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Na 'm bithinn mar bu ghnath leam,
'S Mac Ailpain a bhi laimh rium,
Bu bhinn leam bhi ga èisdeachd,
'N uair thàreadh air na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge d' tha mi leth cheud bliadhna,
'S mo chiabhagan air liathadh,
Cha tugainn fein mo bhriathrean,
Nach iarrain na Tulaichean.

'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean ;
'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
Gu 'n òll sinn uifgè Bhealaichean.

ANCIENT METHOD OF FLOATING TIMBER ON THE
SPEY—THE “CURACH”—ADVENTURE ON THE
THAMES.

IN olden time the fir woods of Scotland were allowed to flourish, fall, and decay, as dictated by natural influences, and not indeed until a comparatively recent date did our ancestors conceive the almost incalculable value of the extensive pine forests of the Highlands. But even long after some idea of the marketable value of the article was formed, vast tracts of ground, and of those commonly such parts as grew the most valuable timber, were so situated as to yield scarcely any revenue to the proprietors. This resulted from the entire want of roads to facilitate the means of transport, and likewise in a large measure from the total ignorance of the native population in the several branches of woodcraft. In each of those respects no place was more unfavourably circumstanced than were the fine forests of Abernethy, Glenmore, and Rothiemurchus, in Upper Strathspey.

In that neighbourhood it long remained the custom to pay to the landlord a certain trifling sum annually

for permission to fell and dispose of as many trees as the inclination of the purchaser prompted, and his capabilities enabled him to accomplish. A ready sale was generally to be obtained at the mouth of the Spey ; but the want of skill in constructing proper rafts, so as to take full advantage of the facility which the noble river afforded for transporting the gigantic pines which grew upon, and adorned its banks, long prevented the development of the traffic. In those days, and before wooden boats were introduced into the country, few men were to be found who would venture the navigation of the river, and consequently the timber trade was monopolised by the most daring and reckless spirits among the inhabitants. Two families of the Grants, distinguished by the cognominal names of " Mòr " (stout and tall of stature), and " Odhar " (pale, or of sallow complexion), who lived at a place called Tulchen, in the east of Strathspey, were, it is believed, the first who attempted the hazardous experiment of transporting a float of wood from the forest of Glenmore to the shipping port of Garmouth. Their first cargo consisted of only eight trees, and the mode of procedure adopted was as follows : The trees were fastened together by a tether or rope made of horse hair, and one or two men occupied a rudely constructed canoe or boat, called in the original vernacular " curach," and sailed before to guide the progress of the float. Others walked on either bank of the river, and by means of ropes attached to the hinder part, maintained the proper position and due velocity of the gradually moving mass. This first voyage was accomplished with most encouraging success, and upon a subsequent trip a whole dozen were actually brought

down. The "curach" was always borne back to the Highlands on the backs of the men, and one of the fraternity, no doubt from his superior prowess in this rather arduous undertaking, had obtained the appellation of "Alistair mòr na curaich," or Big Alistair of the curach. This worthy occupied the farm of Dalchroy, on the banks of the Spey, and lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and five years.

A notable display was at one time made upon the Thames with the curach of the Spey. The "Laird of Grant," when on a visit in London, one day happening to be in company with an English friend, admired the majesty of the mighty metropolitan river, with its noble shipping, and endless varieties of sailing craft. The Englishman, addressing the Highland Chief in a disparaging and sneering tone, remarked, "You have, I suppose, nothing like that on your puny Spey." The national pride of the gentleman of the north was naturally touched by the remark, and he made instant reply: "I have a subject on the Spey, who, in a boat of bullock's hide, would outstrip in speed of sailing the fastest of these." The Saxon laughed at the boast, and the consequence was that a bet of considerable amount was taken upon the subject. The "Laird of Grant" engaged against a certain appointed day to have his aquatic champion on the spot, and in readiness to prove his superiority. Who upon such a momentous occasion was to be appealed to but the "Mòrs" or "Odhars" of Tulchen, and a stripling of the latter name, of only eighteen years of age, readily volunteered to obey the summons of his Chief.

The spirited young Highlander accordingly repaired

to London, carrying his favourite curach along with him, and the necessary preliminaries being arranged, the match came off in presence of an immense multitude of spectators. After the formation of a long line of eager competitors the signal was given, the start was made, and away they steered.

The Strathspeyman very shortly shot ahead of all his competitors, and his lightsome bark skimmed down the river below London bridge with the swiftness of an arrow. The point was gained, and the Highlander landed his little craft amidst the most vociferous acclamations of the assembled thousands. The stake was instantly and promptly decided in favour of the "Laird of Grant," and his redoubtable clansman, as has been said, was rewarded by the populace with nearly the full of his bonnet of gold coin, for which he, however, declared he had no earthly use, and gallantly presented it to his Chief for the purpose of buying pins to Lady Grant.

The primitive style of boat called curach was composed of wicker work, covered over and lined with the hides of horses, cattle, or deer. It was commonly round in form, and slightly tapered towards the top. The identical curach of "Alistair Mòr," formerly alluded to, is at the present day in possession of his great-great-grandson, William Grant, Esq., Dalchroy, who, from personal appearance, would also seem to have inherited a no inconsiderable part of the gigantic proportions and muscular power of his renowned progenitor.

Mr Grant holds the same farm which has been occupied by his ancestors in uninterrupted succession for more than three hundred years. A rent receipt is shown, bearing date 1568, at which time the rent of Dalchroy,

as appears from this document, was "4 pun a capon and a hen." The rent of the land has, however, very considerably increased, and the system of timber-trading has very much improved in Strathspey.

About the year 1730 the Laird of Grant sold the woods of Abernethy to a speculative company of Yorkshiremen at the contract price of £7000. This party commenced operations on a most extensive scale, and in addition to their business of timber-merchants, they attempted the smelting of iron, a rich mine of which had been discovered in the neighbouring Strath of the Avon, on the property of the Duke of Gordon. The place at the mouth of the Nethy, where their works were erected, was about twelve miles distant from the mine of Leight, and there being no road for wheeled carriages, the only means of conveying the ore was in panniers on the backs of horses. Under such unfavourable circumstances, and being themselves of a reckless and dissipated character, it need not be wondered that the operations of this co-partnery soon came to a termination, and themselves involved in bankruptcy and ruin. During their stay, however, they introduced the proper construction of the raft, and the "Curach" forthwith fell into disuse. The natives picked up many other useful arts practised by the strangers, and although their short sojourn in the Highlands was profitless to themselves, its lessons were by no means lost upon the more prudent inhabitants of Strathspey. About half a century after, the Duke of Gordon sold the wood in the fine forest of Glenmore for £10,000, to a very respectable company of wood-merchants from Hull. This party went earnestly and systematically to work,

and gave full and profitable employment to the inhabitants of the district. The timber in Glenmore was at that time considered to be the largest in size and of the best quality in Scotland, and the purchasers realised for themselves a handsome fortune, and in a great measure enriched the country by their disbursements. The memory of this latter company is still warmly cherished in the neighbourhood, and many a well-to-do family on Speyside owe their independence to "Sassuinich Ghlinne Mhòr" (*i. e.*, The Englishman of Glenmore.)

THE "GUDEMAN" OF INCHRORY AND THE LOWLAND FARMER.

THE farm and grazings of Inchrory, now included within the bounds of the Deer Forest of Glenavon, and of old the highest inhabited station in the county of Banff, was held for many generations by the paternal ancestors of the author. At this same Inchrory did their humble and unworthy descendant draw the first breath of life, and here his "young footsteps in infancy wandered," and now does he record, with a thrill of pleasure and pride, that the "Shaws of Inchrory" were very widely known for their kindness and hospitality to strangers, whose business or pleasure prompted them to penetrate so far among the mountains. The Bealach-dearg road passed close to the house, and it being pretty well frequented during some seasons of the year, the weary traveller often reached Inchrory with stiffened limbs and famishing appetite, but there he always experienced a "Highland welcome," nor was the door of that isolated domicile ever barred against the stranger, at whatever untimely hour he might happen to make his appearance.

The hero of the present story was the same representative of the family whose character has been so beautifully depicted by the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his "Legendary Tales of the Highlands," from which the liberty has been taken to give some extracts in the present work.

Alistair Shaw held a lease of Inchrory, and all between Inchrory and the Moon, or so far, at least, as the bounds of the Duke of Gordon's territory, or the outposts of the county of Banff in that direction, extended. He had, in consequence of possessing so wide a range, the privilege of rearing considerable numbers of horses, and herds of black cattle, sheep, and goats, which, however, he was obliged to remove to the low country for "wintering," from the exposed and stormy nature of his own mountain possession. The heath-cock and plover of the moor; the speckled ptarmigan on the mountain top; and the red-deer in the corry, were all alike patent to the sporting propensities of this modern Laban, and having but on very rare occasions any opportunity of distinguishing between the status of an independent position and the rules of common courtesy, Inchrory actually considered himself only second in consequence, and certainly next in precedence, to the Duke of Gordon or the King. Upon a certain particular occasion, when Inchrory was at the head of a bevy of his dependents, driving his flocks and herds to winter quarters in the low grounds of Moray, it having come on a fearfully stormy afternoon, he found it would be impossible to reach the end of his journey that night, and, in consequence, he determined upon soliciting lodgings for himself and servants, and a sheltered spot for the stock to lie, at a

certain farm with considerable pretensions to respectability and wealth, which, from that special recommendation, attracted his attention from the road. He accordingly repaired to the house, and having sought for and found the landlord, he formally introduced himself, and immediately explained the object of his call. Inchrory, however, found the farmer possessed of a not very hospitable temper, and was promptly made aware of the circumstance that not the least trouble would be taken with himself, his servants, or his stock. The mountaineer was, of course, too proud-spirited to make any attempt at conciliating the somewhat hasty decision of this gentleman of the Lowlands, and abruptly broke up the conference by suddenly turning round and significantly expressing a hope that Providence might send the burly narrow-minded farmer the way of his own Highland holding, under at least equally inauspicious circumstances. The farmer, in answer to this arrant supplication on the part of Inchrory, replied in a common slang phrase, "Whan ye'll see me at your house, hang me!" This defiant inuendo, of course somewhat heedlessly expressed, was by no means lost upon Inchrory, as will afterwards appear, and such an instance of insulted majesty was not lightly to be passed over or easily forgotten. Some years afterwards, as if fortune had deigned to appease the wounded pride of Inchrory, it turned out that unusual and important business called the Morayshire farmer southward, and what road should he take but the nearest and direct line by Bealach-dearg, which saves a circuit of many miles, but late in the year and when storms set in, it is by no means a safe route for strangers to attempt. On a dark November

evening, when the spirit of the storm raged with terrific violence through the narrow glens of the Avon, the family circle at Inchrory surrounded the cheerful hearth, the "gudeman" comfortably esconced in his "*ain* arm-chair, and everything seemed to bid defiance to the fury of the tempest as it thundered and lashed around the substantial, though lonely dwelling. Hark ! hush ! behold a knock at the door : the latch is raised, and there appears a tall, shivering specimen of humanity, clad in the garb of the Lowlands, drenched to the skin, and altogether seemingly in a state more dead than alive. For a moment Inchrory viewed the stranger with compassionate demeanour, but only for a moment, and who does he recognize but the detested man of Moray, who turned himself from his inhospitable door some years before. The stranger had lost his way on the hill, and reached the house in the last stage of despair, but was completely ignorant of the geographical situation of the place, or the calling or character of his entertainers. Inchrory kept the secret of his discovery strictly to himself, and showing and expressing the warmest sympathy for the miserable condition of his guest, gave directions and assisted in all remedial measures for his restoration. A change to dry clothing, the heat of a roaring fire, and abundance of good things for the inner man, had shortly the effect of inducing perspiration, and the patient soon appeared to have recovered a comparative degree of comfort. When the proper time for retiring for the night had arrived, and the stranger declared, upon being questioned by the "gudeman," that he now felt quite revived, and as comfortable as it was possible for good usage to make

him, Inchrory called for a rope, which having been suspended from the house-top, and a noose formed at the lower end of sufficient circumference to receive the cranium of the individual, the stranger was peremptorily ordered to step forward, and immediately prepare for another world. With a faltering and trembling voice, the poor affrighted man demanded an explanation as to this dreadful proposition on the part of Inchrory, when he was directly reminded of his own injudicious expression at their former interview. Not till now did the circumstance of his first introduction to Inchrory recur to his memory, and at the moment he was so situated as to be scarcely able to plead one single argument in his own favour. Inchrory was not to be done. He seized and dragged his unresisting dupe to the floor, and having tightened the rope round his neck, he appeared determined for immediate execution. Here the feelings of the culprit completely gave way, and uttering the most pitiful exclamations, he cried and sobbed like a child. The soothing assurance of the "gudewife"—"Pe ye quiet, honest man, an' ye no pe hangit the nicht," was not even sufficient to pacify his terrified mind; but Inchrory at length relented, and, slackening the rope, agreed to spare his life upon making oath that he would never again refuse shelter to a stranger. The latter alternative was eagerly accepted, Inchrory renounced the part of the executioner, and it has been indeed affirmed that the house of the farmer was ever after the most hospitable dwelling in all the lowlands of Moray.

THE EARL OF FIFE AND INCHRORY.

THE following spirited sketches of the peculiar character of Inchrory have been extracted from the able writings of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Sir Thomas has, however, fallen into some slight errors in regard to matters of fact. These he perhaps resorted to principally for the sake of embellishment, but they are of so trivial a nature, and of so little consequence, that his successor in the field forbears the least deviation from the original text, and he frankly acknowledges his undoubted inferiority to the author of "The Wolf of Badenoch" and "Lochandhu" as a delineator of character:—

"It happened one day that the Earl of Fife was travelling up the green glen of the Avon, on his way over to his house of Mar Lodge in Braemar, and having stopped at Caochan Seirseag over by yonder, he sent one of his people across the meadow to tell Inchrory that he meant to honour him with a visit. The gentleman knocked at the door, was admitted by the goodwife, and ushered into Inchrory's presence. He found him seated in his arm chair, the position which he always occupied, that is, on the most comfortable side of the fire. 'Good day to you, Inchrory,' said the gentleman, bowing. 'The same to you, Sir,' said Inchrory, bowing his head very grandly and ceremoniously, but without stirring. 'My Lord the Earl of Fife, who is halting at Caochan Seirseag on his road to Braemar, has sent me over to tell you that he means to step aside from his road to visit you,' said the gentleman. 'Well, Sir,' said Inchrory, proudly, 'what

of that? tell him he is welcome.' The gentleman, astonished with his reception, bowed and retired as an ambassador might have done from a royal presence. 'Well, Sir,' said Lord Fife to him after he had rejoined him, 'is Inchroy at home?' 'He is at home, my Lord,' replied the gentleman, 'but he is the surliest churl I ever came across.' 'As how,' demanded the Earl. 'Why, my Lord, the little wretch never rose from his chair,' replied the gentleman, and then he repeated the conversation he had with Inchroy. 'If your Lordship would take my counsel, you would e'en continue the journey, and leave the bear to suck his own paws in his own den.' 'Why do you not flit that insolent fellow,' said Lord Fife to M'Gregor of Pittiveach, his factor, who happened to be with him, 'you are tacksman of this farm, and so you have it in your power to turn him out.' 'Why, my Lord,' said M'Gregor, 'he and his forbears have been there for generations, and though he is certainly a great original, he is not a bad fellow for all that.' 'So, so,' replied the Earl, laughing, 'the fellow is an original, is he? Then I must see him. It is something to discover so great a potentate holding his undisputed reign in wilds like these. I must visit him directly.'

The fact was that the Earl had but lately become possessed of these Highland estates, and Inchroy looked upon him as a new man—a lowlander—whom it was his duty, as it was very much his inclination, to despise; whilst the Earl, for his part, knowing that such was a feeling which naturally enough pervaded the minds of the Highlanders, even on his own newly-acquired lands, was determined to do away with it by using all manner of courtesy to every one with whom he might come into contact. Above all things he felt that the opportunity he now had of overcoming the prejudices of such a man as Inchroy was by no means to be lost. To Inchroy therefore he went without a moment's delay, was admitted into the house, and ushered into the presence. 'Good day to you, Inchroy,' said the Earl, bowing. 'Good day to you, Lord Fife,' replied Inchroy, bowing his head with the same formality as formerly, but still keeping his seat. 'Sit down, my Lord, sit down. Here is a chair beside me, for I always keep the *benmost* (innermost) seat in my own house.' 'Very right, Inchroy,' said the Earl, smiling and seating himself accordingly beside his host, 'and a very comfortable seat it seems to be.' 'Very comfortable,' said Inchroy, seating himself more firmly in it, 'and I hope that one is easy for your Lordship.' 'Very easy, indeed,' said Lord Fife, 'a long ride such as I have had would make a hard stone feel easy, and much more this chair beneath your hospitable roof of Inchroy, and before your good fire, in this bitter cold day.' 'Well,

well, my Lord,' replied Inchrory, for the first time shaking the Earl heartily by the hand, and very much pleased with the familiar manner in which his visitor had so unexpectedly comported himself, 'well, all I can say is, that you are heartily welcome to it. Here, goodwife! bring the bottle. Lord Fife must taste Inchrory's bottle, and bestir yourself, do you hear, and see what you can give his Lordship to eat.' The whisky bottle was brought, and Inchrory drank the Earl's health, who without any ceremony hob-a-nobbed with him in turn. Mutton, ham, cheese, broiled salmon, bannocks, and butter, were produced and put down promiscuously. The Earl ate like a hill farmer, and partook moderately of the whisky, which Inchrory swallowed in large and repeated bumpers to his Lordship's good health. He talked loud and joyously, and the Earl familiarly humoured him to his full bent. They were the greatest friends in the world. The Earl particularly delighted Inchrory by praising, caressing, and feeding a great rough deer-hound, which, roused from his lair in front of the fire by the entrance of the eatables, put his long snout and cold nose into his Lordship's hand, and craved his attention. But this dog had nearly ruined all, for the Earl was so much taken with the animal that, having left the house after a very warm parting with Inchrory, he sent back his factor to him to offer to purchase the dog at any price. 'What! does Lord Fife take me for a dog dealer? I would not sell my dog to any lord in the land. I would not sell my dog to the king on the throne. Tell his Lordship I would as soon sell him my wife!' 'What a stupid fellow I am, Inchrory,' said the factor. 'Did I say it was the Earl that sent me? If I did I was quite wrong. No, no! his Lordship did no such thing, he only admired the dog so much that he could speak of nothing else as he crossed the meadow to join his people. It was my mistake altogether. Hearing him admire your dog so much, I thought it would be a kind act from me to you, my old friend, just to ride back quietly, and give you a hint of it. 'I thought I had the best dogs in all Scotland,' said his Lordship, 'but that dog of Inchrory's beats them all clean. He is worth them all put together. He is a prince among dogs as his master is a prince among men. Where could you find a man worthy of such a dog but Inchrory himself—the best fellow I have met with in this country.' 'Did the Earl of Fife really say that?' cried Inchrory. 'Here, bring me a leash. Now,' added he, after having fastened it around the hound's neck, 'take hold of that, and lead the dog with you to the Earl, and tell him that Inchrory begs he will accept of him as a present.' The Earl was delighted with the dog, as well as with the able conduct of his ambassador who brought him, and he was no sooner established

at Mar Lodge than he sent a special messenger over the hill to Inchroy with a letter from himself, thanking him for his noble present, and requesting that he would come and pay him a visit."

INCHROY AT MAR LODGE.

"INCHROY most graciously accepted the Earl of Fife's invitation, and his Lordship took care to be prepared to give him a proper reception. Inchroy dressed himself in his best Highland costume, accoutred with sword, dirk, and pistols complete, mounted his long tailed garron, and rode over to Mar Lodge. When he arrived at the door, two grooms of the Earl's were ready, one to hold his horse's head, and the other his stirrup whilst he dismounted, and he was ushered into the house by the house steward, and through an alley of footmen attired in the Earl's livery, till he was shewn into the room where his Lordship was seated. Inchroy had never seen anything like this before, but he was too proud to manifest the smallest surprise, and, holding up his head, he strode in with a dignified air, and took all this pomp as if it had belonged to him of course. The Earl was seated amidst all his magnificence in a great arm chair next the fire, with an empty one placed at his left hand. 'Good day to you, Inchroy,' said the Earl to him as he entered, and at the same time nodding his head familiarly as he spoke, but without rising from his seat, 'Good day to you, Lord Fife,' said Inchroy, strutting forward like a turkey cock. 'Come away and sit down beside me here, Inchroy,' said the Earl, 'for I always keep the benmost seat myself in my own house.' 'Right! right, my lord,' said Inchroy, seating himself beside the Earl and taking his hand and shaking it heartily without any sort of ceremony, 'you are quite right, my Lord, that is exactly my own rule, 'every man should have the benmost seat in his own house.' 'You see that Luath has not forgotten you,' said the Earl, as the great dog was manifesting his joy at seeing his old master. 'By my faith you have him in good quarters here,' said Inchroy, observing that a quadruple fold of carpet had been spread for the animal close in front of the fire. 'The best I can give him, Inchroy,' said the Earl, 'as next to his old master he deserves the best at my hands. 'Here, bring the bottle! Inchroy must taste Lord Fife's bottle! and do you hear, bring something for Inchroy to stay his hunger with after so long a ride.' Immediately as if by magic, several footmen entered with a table covered with the richest viands and wines, which were placed close to Inchroy's

chair and that of the Earl. By special order a bottle of whisky appeared among the other liquors. 'Here's to ye, Inchrory,' said the Earl, after filling himself a glass of whisky, and drinking to his guest with a hearty shake of his hand. And 'Here's to you, my Lord,' cried Inchrory, following his example in a bumper of the same liquor. Inchrory had no reason to complain of his entertainment during his stay at Mar Lodge, and the Earl gave orders that every thing should be done to please him. Amongst other things, hunting parties were made in all directions through the neighbouring forests; and, although these were by no means exclusively got up for him, yet he was always brought so prominently forward on such occasions, that, in his pride he believed, like the fly on the pillar, that the very world was moving for him, and for him alone."

INCHRORY AND GRANT OF BURNSIDE IN THE EARL OF FIFE'S FOREST.

"It happened that a *Tenchil*, or a driving of the woods for all kinds of game, was one day held at Alnac. Inchrory was posted in a pass with Farquharson of Allargue and Grant of Burnside in Cromdale, who was one of Lord Fife's factors. This last mentioned gentleman, having only arrived at Mar Lodge that morning, knew nothing of Inchrory personally, although Inchrory knew something of him. So that whilst Farquharson, who was by this time well acquainted with Inchrory and all his peculiarities, was treating him with all that respect which was at all times paid him by universal agreement among Lord Fife's friends, then assembled as his guests, he was left unnoticed by Burnside, and treated by him as nobody. Inchrory was severely nettled at this apparently marked neglect on the part of Burnside towards him. As usual on such occasions, the people who had surrounded a large portion of the forest gradually contracted their circle, and their shouts increasing, and the dogs beginning to range through the coverts and to give tongue, game of all kinds came popping singly out through the different passes where the hunters were stationed. A short-legged, long-bodied, rough cabbage-worn-looking terrier of the true Highland breed came yelping along towards the point where Burnside, Allargue, and Inchrory were posted near to each other. All was anxiety and eager anticipation. A hart of the first head was the least thing that was looked for—when—lo! and behold, out came an enormous wild cat, the very tiger of our Highland woods. Burnside

had a capital chance of him, but fired, and missed—Inchrory instantly levelled his piece and shot him dead. ‘There’s at you, clowns of Cromdale,’ cried Inchrory, leering most triumphantly and provokingly over his shoulder at Burnside. ‘What do you mean by that, you rascal,’ cried Burnside, firing up at this insult, and at the same time striding towards Inchrory with every possible demonstration of active hostility. ‘Sir,’ said Inchrory, standing his ground boldly and proudly, ‘What do you mean? I know nothing of you, and it appears by your insolent manners that you know nothing of me.’ ‘Stop, stop, gentlemen,’ cried Allargue running in between them, ‘the fault is mine for having neglected to introduce you to each other. Burnside, this is Inchrory, the particular friend of the Earl of Fife; and, Inchrory, this is Burnside, also a particular friend of your friend the Earl. This I hope is enough to put a stop to anything unpleasant between you.’ ‘Oh!’ said Burnside, who had caught the intelligent wink of the eye which Allargue had secretly conveyed to him, whilst going through the pompous introduction, and who had heard enough of Inchrory to enable him to guess at the case and character of the man he had to deal with, as well as to pick up his case as to the proper way in which he would treat him, ‘Oh, that is altogether another affair! Had I only known the person in whose company I had the good fortune to be, I should not have presumed to have fired a shot before him—but if I have said anything amiss, I am sure Inchrory will have the magnanimity to forgive me, seeing that I have already been sufficiently punished by the exhibition of bad gunning, which I have unwittingly ventured to make in presence of him who is by all acknowledged to be the best marksman in Scotland.’ ‘Sir,’ said Inchrory, rising a full couple of inches higher in his brogues, and coming forward to Burnside with extended palm and with a manner full of dignified condescension, ‘you are a gentleman of the first water! I beg you will forget and forgive any expression which in my ignorance I may have let fall, that may by chance have given you offence.’ ‘Sir, I am proud to shake hands with you,’ said Burnside, advancing to give him a cordial squeeze. ‘Sir,’ said Inchrory, with a proud air, but at the same time shaking him heartily by the hand, ‘any friend of my friend the Earl of Fife is my friend,—henceforth, Sir, I am your sworn friend.’”

INCHRORY'S CONNUBIAL AUTHORITY.

“INCHRORY’S wife, *Ealasaid*, was one morning occupied in tending the cattle at the *Shieling* of Altanaroeh. Lonely as this

place of Inchrory is, its loneliness is nothing when compared to that of the Shieling of Altanaroch, where even the cattle themselves could only exist for a month or two during the finest part of the year. Now, it happened that Ealasaid, being in the family way, became extremely anxious and unhappy as her time of confinement approached, and her anxiety went on daily, till at last she began to think it very expedient to go home to Inchrory. The distance was considerable, and the way rough enough in all conscience, but having the spirit of a Highland woman within her, she set out boldly on foot, and arrived at Inchrory at a very early hour in the morning. Her husband met her at the door of the house, where she looked for a kind welcome from him, and modestly signified the cause of her coming. 'Ha!' exclaimed he proudly, and with anger in his eye, 'how is this that you come on foot? how dared you to come home till I sent a horse for you that you might travel as Inchrory's wife ought to do?' 'No one saw how I came,' replied his wife meekly, 'I met nothing but the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps on the hill.' 'No matter,' said Inchrory, 'even the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps should not have it to say that they saw the wife of Inchrory tramping home on foot through the heather. Get thee back this moment every foot of the way to Altanaroch, that I may send for thee as Inchrory's wife ought to be sent for.' The poor woman knew that argument with him was useless. Without entering the house, therefore, she was compelled to turn her weary steps back to Altanaroch, and she was no sooner there, than a servant appeared, leading a horse, having a saddle on its back, covered with a green cloth, on which she was compelled to mount forthwith, in order to ride home over the barren and desert moors and mosses, in such style as might satisfy the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps that she was the wife of Inchrory."

MACGREGOR, THE FAMOUS DEER-STALKER.

THERE lived in the last generation among the Braes of Avon, a gentleman of the Clan MacGregor, who in that part of the country was generally acknowledged to be the first marksman and best deer-stalker of his day; but it has been said that he carried a certain charm into his operations, and that without some secret agency, several well-known feats of his were entirely impossible.

On one occasion, he won a bet of considerable amount by hitting and breaking by the bullet the far-off fore-leg of a stag, when a herd of deer were in full gallop, passing at a great distance. Such an exploit might certainly be the result of mere accident, but a man confident enough in himself to lay a bet upon the success of such an unlikely undertaking, must evidently be allowed to have possessed no ordinary skill in balancing his rifle. Another notable instance of MacGregor's wonderful precision at ball-practice is also on record. An English nobleman, on a visit at Gordon Castle, had heard of the fame of MacGregor as a marksman, and being in conversation with the Duke upon the subject, his Grace staked a considerable sum on the head of MacGregor, in a fair match with the Englishman, and having entered somewhat keenly into the matter, the Duke posted next morning to the Highlands, in company with the stranger, in order to seek out MacGregor, and instantly decide the match.

The Highland rifleman, by no means expecting such an unwonted and sudden exhibition of his capabilities to be called for, had been enjoying himself with some friends over his bottle, and upon his noble landlord's wish being made known to him, was seemingly in anything but a competent state to venture the honour of his name in opposition to the steady hand and sure eye of the Southron. The "Sassenach" chuckled in his sleeve at the Highlander's apparent incapacity at the moment, and made sure of a speedy and easy victory. On the other hand his patron the Duke was quite angry upon seeing the state of circumstances, and entertained but faint hopes indeed of the success of his

favourite. But their travel was not to be lost—a trial must be made, and the target was instantly placed. The Englishman fired first, and struck quite close to the bull's eye. MacGregor having requested some one to load his piece, which he himself was unable to do, and, with the assistance of a friend, to maintain in some measure the equilibrium of his tottering frame—now came staggering forward. The Duke shouted out in derision, "The last is a good shot, MacGregor," upon which MacGregor exclaimed as he bounced forward to the standing-place—"Yes, my Lord Duke, but this is a better!" Present! fire! and the ball hit straight in the bull's eye. To the surprise of all, and the bitter chagrin of the discomfited competitor, the match was very fairly decided in the favour of MacGregor. The Duke, highly delighted at the unexpected result, handed the victor a handsome gratuity, good-humouredly remarking that he might now "go and have another dram." It is most likely that MacGregor sufficiently quenched his thirst at the expense of his Grace's liberality. Be this as it may, however, he still maintained the enviable notoriety of being the best marksman in the Highlands of Banffshire.

THE BLACK BONNETLESS LADS.

(NA-GILLEAN-MAOL-DUBH.)

IN the parish of Abernethy, Strathspey, are several respectable and well-to-do families of the name of Cameron, known in Highland phraseology as "Sliochd na'n gillean maol dubh," i.e., "Race of the black bonnet-

less lads." This singular appellative of their kindred, and their early migration from their native Lochaber, are accounted for in the following legend or tradition :—

The barony of Kincardine, now the property of the Duke of Richmond, anciently constituted the patrimonial estate of a family of the royal name of Stuart, descendants of that notable hero of Highland story, the Wolf of Badenoch. The representative of the family was always known by his territorial title, "the Baron of Kincardine," and the Barons were invariably held in good repute among the several other families of high name and good blood throughout the Highlands. It need not thus be wondered at that when the heir-apparent to the honours of the Barony wanted to "take to himself a wife," he sought out, courted, and obtained in matrimonial union the fair daughter of the great Lochiel.

It would appear that at this date even the mighty chief of the powerful Clan Cameron was by no means a *millionaire*, and to make up for the bride's lack of dowry in hard cash, he presented the happy bridegroom with a dozen of the bravest and most handsome of his numerous clansmen, who forthwith became the trusty vassals of the Baron of Kincardine, and settled and multiplied upon his estate in Strathspey. These hardy mountaineers of the west never indulged the modern comfort of wearing a covering on the head, from which circumstance they obtained the cognomen of "Maol," meaning bald or bonnetless; and the term "dubh," signifying dark or black-haired, has ever been received as justly and generally applicable to the followers of Lochiel.

The highly-descended Lady of the "black bonnetless

lads " lived in connubial blessedness to a good old age, and made the last dying request that her body should be laid in " her own native earth." Her remains were, notwithstanding, interred in the churchyard of Kincardine, and her grave is still distinguishable and pointed out as " The Baron's Lady's Vault." It has, however, been said that her last wishes were so far complied with, that two *creel-fulls*, as anciently carried on horseback, of Lochaber soil, were sent for, and deposited around her coffin, a process which, it may be thought, could afford but rather a shallow argument when it would be maintained that the Lady was laid in her native earth.

THE GIANT FAIRY OF GLENMORE.

THIS most romantic Highland glen, of old so much famed for the size and quality of its timber, is situated in the south-eastern extremity of the county of Inverness, and at the northern base of the Cairngorm mountains.

The glen is bounded on the east by a chain of hills of considerably less altitude than the Cairngorm range, which enclose it to the south and west. The sloping sides of the mountains surrounding Glenmore are thickly covered with the native pine, which in the lower parts intermixes with the weeping birch and alder, thus forming scenes of sylvan solitude of very great beauty.

In the bottom of the glen Lochmorlich spreads its clear waters over an extent of full three miles in circumference, and in a calm summer evening, when the bordering wooded steeps reflect their shadows in the

bosom of the lake, the effect produced is really indescribable. Glenmore formed part of the extensive possessions of the now extinct family of Gordon, and when, at the signal of that illustrious race, the glens and straths of the central Highlands sent forth their hardy sons to battle, "the saplings which grew among the fir trees of Glenmore" were not the least noticeable among the ranks of their countrymen.

"But bleating herds have now replaced the men
Within the confines of that Highland glen."

And no longer is seen in the calm of the morning the curling volumes of smoke above the tree-tops, from the cottages that once sheltered a contented and happy peasantry, and, woe for Saxon rulers, English sportsmen, and fleecy flocks, even the fairies themselves have deserted the glen.

Glenmore had, however, in its happier days, like most other Highland districts, its own full quota of the fairy tribe. A very distinguished member of the fairy family, designated "Do'ul Mor Bad 'n Shithean," was remarkable among his kindred by his great bulk and immense stature, as well as his more common and familiar intercourse with his neighbours of humanity, to whom his frequent sportive pranks were a source of great annoyance. To his credit, however, be it told, numerous instances were known where he very disinterestedly concerned himself in matters connected with the welfare of the inhabitants.

This last commendable trait in the character of the Giant Fairy is very clearly illustrated in the following anecdote:—Before the introduction of oil and cotton lights, the Duke of Gordon's low country tenantry had

the privilege of furnishing their households with torch-fir from the forest of Glenmore.

For this purpose they paid an annual visit to the Highlands, and took the liberty of grazing their horses and quartering themselves upon the poorer dependants of his Grace resident in the glen, until at length the practice had become a regular nuisance, and it by-and-bye came to be talked of that a special complaint was necessary to be laid before the superior for the purpose of being freed from this yearly recurring impost. Who should suppose that the Great Fairy, "Do'ul Mor Bad 'n Shithean," was now to render his services, and free his neighbours of the most obnoxious visits of the men of the Lowlands? But such, as will appear, was the case.

During their several visits to Glenmore the lowlanders were made acquainted with the circumstance that innumerable hordes of fairies frequented the woods, and had also to listen to numerous well-authenticated statements regarding the exploits of "Do'ul Mor." These children of the plains had not, however, as yet had the gratification of having a sight of any of those aerial beings, nor even an introduction to their more domesticated chief. It happened on one particular occasion, when a band of the strangers was earnestly employed at their labour in a very secluded part of the wood, there appeared suddenly in their midst a form of no earthly proportions, and arrayed as they never had seen mortal being before. It was also very soon evident that the apparition was anything but friendly disposed towards them, as it instantly set to attacking the party with sticks and stones, and something in their own Low

Country jabber threatened the most dire vengeance against them unless they would instantly renounce operations, and betake themselves with the utmost despatch to their own homes, and never more enter the confines of Glenmore—they nor their friends—for a like purpose. It is sufficient to state that the injunction was immediately carried into effect, and never after were the tenantry of Glenmore harassed by the most unwelcome visits of their Low Country neighbours, and the friendly interference of "Do'ul Mor Bad 'n Shithean" was ever acknowledged with most grateful recollection by the inhabitants of the glen.

THE CURSE OF "AULTGHARRACH."

IN the western part of the parish of Abernethy, in Strathspey, is "a gurgling brook that turns a mill," named "Aultgharrach," i.e., "rough burn," which is never to be crossed by parties on "matrimonial thoughts intent." It had from time immemorial been the general belief, that if the crossing of this rivulet was effected under the circumstances stated, the most untoward results were certain to attend the object of their mission, and the consequence has been that not, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," has a marriage party been known to pass this way, with the exception of one luckless couple, who, regardless of such superstitious observances, took this course on their wedding-day, but who lived to rue their incredulity; and the

same instance confirmed in the public mind the established truth of this ominous restriction.

It is thus recorded by tradition in connection with this most serious obstacle:—"Once upon a time" a certain bridegroom, flushed with the idea of shortly embracing his "ladye love," and full of the pleasurable emotions consequent on the business in hand, when in the exuberance of his joy, suddenly came to an untimely end at this place. The bride, in her inconsolable agony of heart, forthwith decreed, calling Heaven and the powers to witness, that a corresponding or similar doom might meet any party who, similarly engaged, should take the same course, or, at all events, that they would have for their deserts nothing of the natural felicity of the marriage state, but experience something of the bitter anguish that presently wrung her own sad and devoted heart. Whether or not the "Curse of Ault-gharrach" is to be regarded in this enlightened age, as deserving of the smallest notice, let the learned philosophers say,—but certain it is, and true to fact, that many parties of whom better might be expected, are still frequently known to put themselves to the inconvenience of making a circuit of many miles for no other reason than to shun the imminent perils to be incurred by disregarding this very ancient and religiously-observed precept.

CLACH-NAN-TALAIREAN, OR STONE OF THE TAILORS.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more dreary, wild, and unadorned mountain pass than that of Lairg Rhu,

which extends from Rothiemurchus to Braemar. There, silence reigns in all the majesty of gloom, not a tree is to be seen to enliven the monotony of the scene; any appearance of verdure is looked for almost in vain; and the only marks or sounds of animated nature which may meet the eye or greet the ear of the solitary traveller, are the foot-prints of the red deer or mountain fox, or the murmurings of the ptarmigan from its rocky perch to the right or to the left far over his head. Near the further end of this lonely defile is a large round boulder of rock called "Clach-nan-talairean," or "Stone of the Tailors," which is said to have received its name from the following incident:—Once upon a time, about the festive season of Christmas, the inhabitants of Rothiemurchus were assembled at a ball, which was attended, among the rest of the population, by three honourable knights of the order of the thimble. These necessary members of society are generally, as is well-known, capable, in their own estimation at least, of performing feats of intrepidity and gallantry of the most uncommon magnitude. Upon this occasion those worthies, when their agility in the dance was in full flow, and their spirits, perhaps, not a little stimulated by the good cheer abundantly served, laid a wager with some others of the company that they would dance at a similar festival in Braemar before a stated early hour of the morning. These airy gentry took at once to the hill, but before penetrating far into the Lairg-Rhu, their wiry sinews began to relax, and the buoyancy of spirit which inflamed them at the outset of the journey had in a measure subsided ere even yet they had entered the deep rocky gorge which lay yawning before them, and in the

dark solitude in which they were so soon to yield the breath of life. The poor tailors calculated but too late upon the dangers attending the prosecution of their braggart undertaking, and, being completely overcome by fatigue, and their hearts having fairly sunk within them, they were unable either to proceed or to retrace their own foolish steps. They accordingly lay down, and expired in shelter of this stone, which still bears their name. The stone is a noticeable landmark to the weary traveller of the present day, and constitutes a lasting monument of the folly and boastful daring of the three tailors of Rothiemurchus.

LOSS OF LIFE IN GAICK FOREST.

At the beginning of the present century the forest of Gaick, or *Gadhaig*, in Badenoch, was the scene of a terrific catastrophe, the narrative of which, told by the winter hearth, still at this distant period makes the listeners shiver with horror. On Monday morning, immediately preceding old Christmas in the year 1800, Captain Macpherson of Ballechroan, usually called, on account of his dark complexion, the "Black Officer," accompanied by a party of Badenoch men, repaired to the deer forest of Gaick for the purpose, as has been said, of providing Christmas fare from among the wild denizens of that secluded glen. Within the bounds of the forest only one single house or habitation existed, a rather substantial stone building, occupied in the summer and autumn months by herdsmen and sportsmen

visiting the place, and this was to form the head-quarters of Macpherson and his party during their hunting expedition.

The day the party left home, and for two succeeding days, the weather continued fair and frosty, but on Wednesday night a storm of unparalleled strength and fury broke out, and continued until the afternoon of Friday, when it calmed down again. The non-appearance of the party on Friday evening excited suspicion among their friends that all could not be right, and a messenger was despatched on Saturday morning in order to discover the cause of their delay. This individual, upon reaching the part where he conceived the house to have stood, was astonished and terrified at not being able to distinguish any mark of the building. The bottom of the valley only presented to his view an unbroken wreath of snow, and the scene was altogether one of complete bewilderment.

Upon prosecuting a diligent exploration of the spot, he at length picked up from amongst the snow a bonnet and powder-flask, which he recognised as having belonged to some of the party, and this discovery all but confirmed in his mind the dread doom of the hunters. With these tokens he proceeded homeward, and detailed to his anxious neighbours the result of his observations. The dread reality was now no longer matter of doubt. A strong body of men accordingly collected, and early on Sabbath morning set out for the scene of disaster. It was not, however, until after several hours of eager exertion that they were able to find out the foundation of the cottage, and the bruised and mangled bodies of Captain Macpherson and his companions. The body

of the "Black Officer" they discovered reclining on the remnants of what had formed a bed, and partly undressed, and the remains of his followers in a revolting state of disfiguration, some inside the foundation, and others at a distance from it, which would lead to the supposition that escape had been attempted. The body of one of the party was not discovered until some weeks after, and the snow had subsided, while the hunting *paraphernalia* and the materials of the erection were seen scattered, some to the distance of 500 yards. This dreadful calamity was many years after its occurrence attributed by the country people to infernal agency, and it was even asserted that the "Black Officer" was in league with the fell enemy of mankind, and had decoyed the men hither for the purpose of delivering them over to the evil one. Several other parties whom Macpherson had eagerly wished to have accompanied him were kept back by providential interposition, as was believed, and many ominous signs antecedent to the expedition were called up, and long formed the subject of remark among the natives of Badenoch.

Captain Macpherson had long obtained considerable notoriety in the district; more especially among the classes of mothers and sweethearts—for the zeal he had displayed in trepanning young men into the military service, and his last awful fate was only considered as a just reward for his previous doings in that respect. It requires, however, no great stretch of philosophic knowledge to be convinced that the Gaick catastrophe resulted from none other than natural causes. The house in which the hunters had quartered themselves stood at the base of a steep overhanging mountain,

which, on that dreadful night, had somewhat sheltered it from the fury of the tempest. But the snow had continuously drifted over the brow, and accumulated to a great depth on the face of the hill, a mass of which, from its own weight, had broken loose, and descending in a sweeping avalanche, and with the velocity of lightning, carried all before it, and in coming against the walls of the cottage, had razed it to the very foundation, and thus completed the sad havoc which has been described.

In former ages the Highlanders calculated time by reference to particularly notable events, and “Bliadhna càll Ghadhaig,” *i.e.*, “the year of the loss in Gaick,” found place in their chronology with “Goirt Ridhe Ulleam,” *i.e.*, “King William’s famine,”—“Bliadhna ‘Thearlich,” *i.e.*, “Prince Charles’ year,” &c., &c.

The event also repeatedly formed a theme of inspiration to the Gaelic muse of the country, and a lengthened song of no inconsiderable merit, composed by Duncan Gow, a native bard of the day, is still popular, and describes in plaintive strains the several incidents connected with the casualty.

“Sheid a ghaodh am fridh na ’m fiadh
Nach cualas a leithid riamh,
Chuir i breidheanas an gnìomh
A bha gun chiall gun fhathamas.

“Bu chruaidh an cath ‘sa ’n seideadh garbh
As nach b’ urrain aon fhear falbh,
Dh-innseadh cia mur chaidh do ’n t-sealg,
Dheth ‘n laraich mharbh thoirt naidheàchd dhuinn.”

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Rendered thus—

The wild raving winds blew furious and fast
Through the deep narrow glens of the deer,
And Destruction rode forth on the wings of the blast,
Proclaiming dire judgment with sentence severe.

Fierce, fierce was the Tempest, and awful the doom
When all were so suddenly hurried away,
And no one was spared on the death-scene of gloom,
The tidings of sadness from thence to convey.

The following poem bearing on this disastrous tale is the recent composition of an esteemed friend of the author, and has been kindly contributed for the present work. (Gaick is celebrated in tradition as the scene of many other deeds of horror, and reference is made to one of these events, namely, the death of Lord Walter Coymn of Badenoch, in the couplet, "A haunted scene," &c.)

THE DARK DEED IN GAICK FOREST.

There's a voice on the gale and a shriek on the blast ;
Rude rages the tempest, the snow falleth fast ;
The corpse lights are flickering over the heath—
Forebodings of woe, the omens of death.
Brow-wrinkled, sage eld, with fear seems opprest,
And the mother more close clasps her babe to her breast,
For the sights and the sounds of that terrible night
Struck the hearts of the boldest with deadly affright ;
They deemed, from the signs upon earth and in air,
That the fiend from the pit rout and revel held there.

Upon that night, so wild and rude,
In Gaick's stern sombrous solitude,
A haunted scene of weird-like gloom,
Where fierce Lord Walter dreed his doom,
A band of gallant men convene,
The shieling, from the blast, their screen ;
Keen, ardent hunters all were they
As ever ranged the wilds of Spey.
Joy to their hearts, the chase to urge
Thro' woody dell or rocky gorge,
So fleet they were, so strong of limb,
The moor to tread, the scaur to climb,

Scarce faster could the antlered stag
Bound through the glen, or scale the crag ;
Nor quicker could the soaring erne
From upper air her prey discern,
Than they with rapid glance could mark
The deer in corrie deep and dark.

Bold, reckless men, no harm they dread,
Tho' loud the storm raved overhead,
Tho' flash on flash blazed forth the levin,
With thunder tho' the welkin riven,
Tho' on the wailing dirge-like wind
Strange phantom voices hissed and whined,
They ne'er amid those horrors quailed,
But roistering wassail there they held,
With laugh, and song, and pibroch sound,
The potent quaich full oft went round.

But he, their chief, that dark-browed man,
His mind that night, O who could scan !
Now wrapt in moodiest thought seems he,
Then foremost in the revelry,
Now darker grows his visage swart,
Then shuddering sudden he would start,
With whimpering cry, half-stifled scream,
As waking from a ghastly dream,
Then would he shout, " Drink, comrades, drink,
Nor from the wassail let us shrink,
Tho' wild, in sooth, this Eve of Yule,
Let us defy all scathe and dule."

But, hark ! a piercing cry, a yell
Borne on the dreadful tempest's swell ;
'Twas heard on dark Loch Ericht's side,
It pealed thro' Nethy's forest wide,
From high Graigelachie to Craigdlu,
Upon the surging storm it flew,
Rock, mountain, vale, afar around
Reverberate the fearful sound.

Now the tumult is lulled, the tempest is ceased,
And brightly the morning shines forth from the east,
And many fond eyes look along the dark burn,
And wistfully gaze for the hunter's return ;
But, tho' fondly they look, they look all in vain,
Their homes shall the hunters ne'er visit again.
Gashed, torn by the demon, the merciless foe,
In Gaick lie their corpses deeply swathed in the snow.

THE ANCIENT CAVE OF RAITTS IN BADENOCH.

ABOUT a mile and a half east of Kingussie, and within a few hundred yards of the great Highland road leading from Perth to Inverness, is a large subteranean cave or den, locally known as "An Uaimh Mhòr," *i. e.* (the great cave.) This huge vault is of artificial formation, but the history of its construction, and of its earlier occupants, has been submerged in a sea of obscurity by the many contradictory reports handed down by tradition concerning it.

It is asserted by the most common account that the formation of the cave was effected in one single night by a horde of savage banditti, bearing the almost unpronounceable title of "Clann-Mhic-Gillenaoidh. These are said to have been a remnant of the barbarous tribes who, subsequent to the overthrow of the Comyns in the district, had infested the wilds of Badenoch, and resigned themselves to the prosecution of every conceivable means of rapine and misdemeanour among the peaceable inhabitants. The cave is in the form of a crescent, narrow at the entrance, but gradually extending to a width in some parts of 8 feet. It is from 40 to 50 feet long, and about 7 feet high.

It is told that the earth dug out in its formation was carried down, and deposited in a deep pool of the Spey, and that the stones with which the walls are built, and the large flags which cover it above, were borne on the shoulders of the men from a rocky height at a consider-

able distance from the place. This secret haunt of the robbers remained undiscovered for many years, although suspicion pointed to their having some mysterious lodgings in the locality. Over the entrance to this underground dwelling a small cottage had been erected, which was inhabited by two repulsive old women, who were hated and despised by their neighbours, and on that account scarcely any strange individual ever entered the house. The detested gang had thus less fear of molestation, and leaving and returning under favour of night, they long continued to perpetrate deeds of the darkest dye with impunity. Having upon a certain occasion committed some flagrant act of unprovoked injury upon one of the "Clann Mhuraich," or Macphersons, in the upper part of the district of Badenoch, the aggrieved party determined upon avenging his wrongs by seeking out the place of rendezvous of the lawless band, and, if possible, of having them subjected to immediate punishment. For the purpose of more systematically carrying his intentions into effect, he disguised himself in the garb and trappings of a beggar, and set out on a round of exploration. He commenced making a circle of the country, and went from door to door soliciting alms, and whatever suspicion attached to the house occupied by the two old women already alluded to, he resolved, if possible, to have his quarters there for the night. He was, however, aware, from the inhospitable and retired character of the inmates, that some uncommon means required to be resorted to before he need expect to obtain the desired accommodation under their roof.

He thereupon, entering the seldom-visited cottage, pretended to be suffering from the most excruciating

pains in his body, and imploringly begged to be allowed to lay himself down upon a litter of straw in an out-of-the-way corner of the house. This being somewhat coldly acceded to, he commenced rolling himself from side to side, and, writhing and groaning, appeared to be in the last stage of bodily distress, but at the same time watched with diligent eye whatever he saw going on around him. The two women of the house had for most of the night employed themselves at baking oaten cakes, and the *beggar* at length conceived that the quantity of bread was much greater than would be sufficient to meet the requirements of two individuals. He also noticed that the bread instantly vanished upon being deposited in the bottom of a large wooden cupboard or press, which stood up against the wall of the apartment. Towards morning he had apparently so far recovered as to be able to take his departure, and, rising up, he shouldered his wallet, thanked his entertainers, and took his leave.

The observations of the night were not, however, lost upon the "Gaberlunzie." The mysterious disappearance of the cakes confirmed in his mind the existence of a secret underground concealment, which was occupied, as he had every reason to believe, by the very party he had so energetically sought for. He forthwith communicated to his clansmen and neighbours the conclusions he had arrived at, and immediately a strong body of armed men collected, and repaired to the spot. Having surrounded the building, and discovered the aperture leading to this den of iniquity, certain fuming substances were lighted at the mouth of the passage for the purpose of suffocating the inmates, or

forcing them forth to the light of the outer world. Rather than suffer death by the slow and disagreeable process of suffocation, the enraged savages one by one bolted out, and exposed themselves to the deadly weapons of their tormentors. They were destroyed without mercy, and not one was allowed to escape. The unrelenting vengeance of "Mac-Mhic-Eoghan"—for such was the name of the instigator and principal actor in this revolting drama—was thus satiated in the blood of each and all of the detested race of "Mac Gillenaoidh."

In connection with this narrative, it is remarkable that the descendants of "Mac Eoghan," down to the present day, have continued more or less subject to the pains which their ancestor pretended to be labouring under on the night when in disguise he obtruded himself upon the two old women at the cottage.

Scarcely a century has elapsed since the "great cave" again formed the haunt of crime, and was the resort of robbers. An immoral and ruthless gang, headed by Mackintosh of Borlum, whose family had held the property of Raitts, now Belville, continued for a series of years to infest this part of the country, and were the terror of every traveller who, in possession of money or other property, frequented the road. Several cruel and dastardly acts of this party are on record,—and when on their predatory excursions, they often took shelter in the loathsome cave. The following wanton attack at length led to their subjugation :—A cattle-dealer on horseback travelling from the south homeward with the proceeds of his drove, was in open day waylaid and fired upon by some of these miscreants. Although the bullet perforated the fore part of his saddle, he luckily

effected his escape, and roused the country people in pursuit of his would-be murderers. Alexander Mackintosh, who was Borlum's half-brother, and another of his confederates, were apprehended, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Inverness, in May 1773, and the rest of the party, with their leader, only escaped the same punishment by having fled out of the kingdom. The beautiful estate of Raitts was purchased by Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, and paid out of the profits of that famous work, and now, under the modern name of Belville, is esteemed a striking monument of the master genius that awakened the lyre, and renovated the strains, of the sublime bard of Selma.

THE EARL OF MAR AND THE HIGHLANDER OF GLENROY.

“ Is math an cochair an t-ocras
Is mairg ni talcuais air biadh,
Fuarag eorn 'a beul a bhroige
Biadh a b'fhear a thuair Morair Màr riamh.”

i.e.,

Hunger is a good cook. Woe be to those that despise food. Barley-meal *crowdie* made in the heel of his *brogue* was the sweetest morsel the Earl of Mar ever tasted.

THERE are few Highlanders to whom this excellent old proverb is not familiar, but many may be ignorant of the circumstance that gave rise to it. The Earl of Mar

alluded to above, was Alexander Stuart, grandson of Robert the Second. After his defeat at Inverlochy by MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, having separated from his vanquished forces, he was obliged to keep skulking—a lone wanderer—among the braes of Lochaber. After having passed several days in this wretched condition, pursued and surrounded by his enemies, and from famine and fatigue reduced to the last stage of distress, he threw himself upon the protection of a person named Irvine Cameron, residing at a place called Breugach in Glenroy, who gave the fugitive Earl a hospitable welcome. He slept soundly for the night under a coverlet of cow's hide, and the presumption is, as his entertainer was a deer-stalker, that the royal guest was regaled with a haunch of venison. The Earl, being tolerably refreshed, was in the morning conducted by Cameron beyond the range of danger, and it appears that Mar retained a due sense of the kindness shown him by the mountaineer, who, in terms of a pressing invitation, soon afterwards visited him at the castle of Kildrummie. On the Earl being made aware that Cameron stood without the gate awaiting to be invited into the hall, he is said to have repeated the following stanza :—

“ Is ionmhuin leam am fear a tha mach
 Irbhin Camshron as a Bhreugaich
 Bha mi oidche na theach
 Air mhòran bidh is air bheagan aodaich.”

i. e.,

Dear to me is the man who waits without, Irvine Cameron from Breagach ; I was a night under his roof, and had plenty of food, but was scant of covering.

The circumstance of Cameron having thus sheltered

and succoured Mar in his distress, having broken out in the west country, dread of persecution and punishment obliged the generous-hearted man to remove abruptly from his native glen with his family, and seek out an asylum on lands where the sway of him who was the cause of his banishment predominated. Mar acted towards him in the most generous manner, and extended to him his protection and patronage. He obtained from the Earl a charter or leasehold of the lands of Brux, in the neighbourhood of Kildrummie, on the banks of the Don, where the Camerons continued for some time to flourish in ease and affluence. A feudal contest ultimately arose between this prospering family and the Mowats of Abergeldy. The parties met and engaged in mortal combat on a hill called Drum Guardrum, on the southern bank of the Don. There were only twelve men on the side of the Camerons, while the Mowats mustered double that number. Notwithstanding this disparity in numbers, the fight was keen and protracted, but resulted in the complete overthrow of the Camerons. This unequal conflict, however, only terminated when the red stream of life had ceased to flow in the veins of the last man of that gallant band of heroes, and fourteen of their opponents, including Mowat's two sons, had fallen under the weight of their steel. These sturdy clansmen of the west were thus cut up, root and branch, without leaving behind any friend or kindred in that part of the country to deplore their loss, with the exception of an only female child, who was now deprived of the fostering care of a father, and the tender recognition and protection of her brothers. There was, however, yet one friend left to interest himself in her fate,

and that royal favour which had previously been extended to the father, was now bestowed in no less degree upon his orphan daughter. Catherine Cameron forthwith became the ward, or, as it were, the adopted daughter of Alexander Stuart, Earl of Mar. The young lady grew up in beauty and accomplishments, and was surrounded by many ardent admirers. The nobles of the land worshipped at her feet, but she had vowed to give her hand to no one who would not engage to revenge the death of her father and brothers. This restrictive policy on the part of the coveted maiden caused numbers of her would-be gallants to fall back, but the high spirit and passionate love of Robert, second son of Lord Forbes of Castle Forbes, overcame the prejudices which led to such faint-heartedness, and he instantly resolved "to gain the horse or lose the saddle," in other words, to win the object of his heart's love or perish in the attempt. He accordingly challenged Mowat to single combat. Mowat accepted the challenge, and they met at Badenyeon, in the braes of Glenbucket. Surrounded by hundreds of their friends on either side, the combatants resolutely engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The powerful frame and experienced arm of Mowat, compared with the strength and capabilities of his opponent, left scarcely any doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the result of the contest. Forbes had, however, enthusiasm, youth, and agility on his side, and the deities of gallantry and love hovered over and cheered him to action and exertion. As the combat waxed more furious, the superior strength of Mowat would seem to prevail, and it only appeared as if he played with his antago-

nist. But Forbes watched his opportunity, and having dexterously parried an impending stroke of his adversary's brand, and exerting his utmost strength, by a well-aimed blow brought Mowat to the ground. Mowat immediately expired, and a grey stone which had been placed to commemorate the event, marks the spot where he fell.

Forbes repaired without loss of time to Kildrummie, and led the blooming bride to the altar. They fixed their residence at Brux, spent a happy life, and were buried at Kildrummie, where a rude recumbent figure marks their graves. A large family grew up around them, from whom a numerous progeny have descended, many of whom are at the present day in high standing on the Don, and have no reason to be ashamed to trace their pedigree from Lord Mar's humble entertainer in the braes of Lochaber.

STRATHAVON—TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF ITS ANCIENT INHABITANTS.

THE romantic, wild, and sublime scenery which the imagination would most readily seek to associate with the glories of the chase in the days when the "feast of shells" was spread in the ancient halls of Selma, is in no part of the country to be seen in greater perfectio

than among the narrow green glens of the Avon, in the Highlands of Banffshire.

The enthusiast, in traversing the grounds alluded to, is apt to imagine himself surrounded by the shades of Fingal, Ossian, and Cuthullin, and he instinctively feels as if treading in the footsteps of these renowned heroes of antiquity. Several objects in the district are still known by names appertaining to Fingal and his times, and the following tradition and Gaelic rhythm are in existence to denote that the clear winding Avon obtained its present name from the mouth of the famous Caledonian leader himself.

This lady, being no doubt in the possession of something of the remarkable bodily powers attributed to the gigantic race to whom she belonged, had made the bold attempt of crossing the Linn at one step, but unfortunately, having failed to obtain a secure footing on the opposite bank, she fell backward, and was drowned in the foaming cataract beneath. The body was carried down by the force of the stream as far as the ford of Bogluachrach, a distance of about two miles, where it was discovered, and buried on a little dell on the north bank of the river. A raised mound, more than twelve feet in length, with a stone placed at each end, is pointed out as the grave of the Fingalian Queen. In his bitter anguish of soul, and whilst lamenting the untimely fate of his devoted spouse, it is told that Fingal, with becoming feeling, repeated the following stanza :—

“ Chaidh mo bheansa bhath,
Air uisge bàn nan clochean slearnhuinn,

'S on chaidh mo bhean 'n sin bhath,
Bheirear A'h'-Fhinn air an Abhainn."

i. e.,

"On the limpid water of slippery stones has my wife been drowned, and since my wife has there been drowned, this water shall henceforth be called the water of Fingal."

"The water of Fingal," in Gaelic, "Abhainn Fhinn," contracted, "A'h'-Fhinn," rendered Avon or Aven, hence Strathavon, Glenavon, &c.

THE LINN OF AVON.

The Linn of Avon may be described as a Niagara in miniature, where the crystal waters of the stream are confined within very narrow limits, and dash along with high-sounding velocity among the fissures and crevices of the rock, forming eddies of deep green and frothy spray, highly calculated to impress the mind with the awful grandeur of the mountain waterfall,—

"Which still shall with resistless force
Run over cliffs sublime,
Till angels ring among the clouds
The funeral bells of Time."

It is really interesting to watch the progress of the silvery monarch of the tide in his many fruitless attempts to overleap the foaming cataract. Though often compelled to relinquish the advantage gained, yet, resting awhile, he renews the experiment with redoubled energy, and ultimately succeeds.

An artful method was at one time employed, by

which large quantities of salmon were regularly caught at this place. It consisted in a bag net suspended from a cross-beam being hung over the water-fall, and as the fish generally failed in its first leap against the violence of the stream, it fell back into the net, and was instantly secured. Many years ago a certain individual had an adventure at this place which must have very nearly resulted in the same melancholy consequences which attended the experiment of Fingal's wife. It would appear that this worthy had a predilection for fresh salmon, which had entirely overcome his notions of honesty.

He was in the practice of making nocturnal visits to the Linn, drawing the net, and supplying himself with some portion of its contents, and, again replacing it in proper order, so as to leave no trace of his being there. One luckless night, however, having gone perhaps rather too confidently to work, he of a sudden missed his footing, and, fortunately for his own safety, tumbled fairly into the bag. He was quite unable to extricate himself, and remained swinging over the stream until morning, when the owner of the net went to examine it. The latter was not a little surprised at discovering the somewhat awkward position of poor Donald, but having hauled him ashore, and set him at liberty, it may perhaps be safely supposed that Donald never after repeated his predatory excursions to the Linn of Avon.

“CLACHBHAN,”

Or more properly “Clach-na’m-bán,” is situated on the summit of a hill at no great distance from the Linn of Avon. The name signifies the women or wives’ stone, and consists of a huge piece of black rock, with a niche in the side of it, something in the shape of an arm chair, which was said to have been the resting-place or throne of a certain Fairy Queen, who, at some very remote era of time, sojourned among these mountains, and kept court at “Clachbhan.”

This enchantress was reported to have decreed that whatever female, when in a state of pregnancy, should sit in this regal chair, would be safely delivered, and suffer the pains of labour only in a very modified degree. A generation has not yet passed away since the imaginary properties of “Clachbhan” attracted numbers of ladies in an interesting situation, and lengthened pilgrimages were often made for the express purpose of worshipping at the shrine of the aerial goddess. This gross superstition is now most happily no longer observed, having fallen into disuetude, like many other frivolities of a similar nature, and the mystic tales of fairy land are no longer credited by even the most ignorant portion of the community.

ANCIENT BATTLE-FIELDS—"SEUMAS AN TUIM," OR
JAMES OF THE HILL—THE CLAN ALLAN, &c.

"THE Highlanders were always a brave, warlike, and hardy race of people, and in the remotest times seem to have possessed a degree of refinement in sentiments and manners then unknown to the surrounding nations. This appears, not only from their own traditions and songs, but also from the testimony of many ancient authors. Subsequent to the reign of Fingal, and the subjugation of the Pictish kingdom by Kenneth II., A.D. 845, the virtues of the Highlanders began to decline. The country, no longer awed by the presence of the Sovereign, fell into anarchy, the chieftains extending their authority, began to form factions and to foment divisions and hostile feuds between contending clans, and the laws were either too feeble to bind them, or they were too remote from the seat of government, to be restrained from their excesses without a strong military power. Hence sprang those evils which long disgraced the country, and disturbed the peace of its inhabitants. Robbery or plunder, provided it was practised on another clan, was countenanced, and the robber protected; the reprisals of the other clan increased the feud, and the quarrel was often handed from one generation to another for many ages. Thus the genius of the people was greatly altered, and, instead of the heroes of Ossian, celebrated for their exalted virtues, a lawless banditti made their appearance, divested of honour and

of every characteristic of their ancestors, except the feudal attachment and clanship, which gave so much scope and power to their predatory excursions." (*Vide Webster's Topographical Dictionary of Scotland*).

Many places which had witnessed scenes of bloody combat and murderous outrage exist on the banks of the Avon, but in most cases the circumstances which led to these, with the dates of their occurrence, and even the names of the contending parties, have sunk into oblivion. A rather important engagement is said to have taken place near the house of Inchrory, one of the contending parties being under the leadership of a "Lord of the Isles," who himself was slain in the action. The grave of MacDonald, and also the place where the killed on both sides obtained burial, are still pointed out on a beautiful green dell close to the river side. Several brass buckles, arrow points, and spear-heads have been picked up in the neighbourhood, and certain parts of the field of strife are distinguished by such names as "Laggan-nan-Saig-head," (hollow of arrows;) "Cnocd-an-Drumair," (drummer's height;)" "Torran-a'phian," (hill of pain;) &c.

Some years ago a gentleman bent on antiquarian research, engaged some labourers, and set them to digging the grassy mounds pointed out as the graves of the fallen, but whatever discovery was made, it is told that a most serious fatality attended this sacrilegious inquiry. The gentleman who superintended the operation took suddenly ill, and survived but a very short time, and his death was regarded by the superstitious people in the district as the reward of his unwarrantable interference with the sacred mansions of the long departed.

Another desperate encounter between two rival fac-

tions had taken place near the head of the Conglass, at a place called "Blàr-na-mairbhe," or field of the dead; and, at some distance from the scene of conflict, is seen the stone which was placed to commemorate the death of one of the leaders, who, exhausted and covered with wounds, had lain down to drink at a well, and expired. At "Ault-an-Thighearn-Duibh," *i. e.*, (the burn of the black laird), in August, 1663, according to Spalding, Alexander Gordon of Dunkyntie, and his eldest son, George Gordon, were murdered while on a hunting excursion by some lawless desperadoes, who infested at the time this inaccessible part of the country, and whom even the power of the Marquis of Huntly was unable to bring to account, although he exerted himself to the utmost to revenge the blood of his kinsmen.

The noted outlaw, James Grant, of the family of Carron, better known by the name of "Seumas-an-Tùim," or James of the Hill, sojourned for a length of time in Strathavon, and there is scarcely a farm-town in the district that is not in some way or other associated with the adventures of him and his followers. A large cave in the rocks of Alnaic is yet known as "Uamh-Seumas-an-Tùim," or (James of the Hill's Cave,) and a Gaelic song, of which the following stanza is a specimen, has been handed down and retained in the memory of some of the inhabitants, and forms a no mean description of the several traits of character which has rendered his name famous:—

"Tha mo ghradh thar gach duine
 Air Seumas-an-Tùim,
 'Ruidh' tu, leumaidh tu 'us dhansadh tu cruinn
 Chuireadh tu treun-fhir a bhàr am buinn
 'Cha d-fhailnich riamh d' mhisnach do
 Thappa' na d' lùim."

i. e.,

“Above all others, James of the Hill is the object of my affections. He is expert in running, in leaping, and dancing. He would overcome the brave in wrestling, his courage never yet failed, and in expedients he is always ready.”

Grant having committed murder or manslaughter in Elgin, was obliged to take refuge among the hills for the purpose of escaping the vigilance of the law. From a kind of wandering life to which necessity had reduced him, he soon became noted for address, stratagem, activity, and all that species of talents which are only to be learned in the school of adversity. A band of lawless adventurers gathered around him, and at length their numbers having become formidable, complaint against them was laid before the Scottish Parliament, which offered a reward for the apprehension of their chief. Although many attempts to effect his capture proved abortive, he was ultimately taken, and incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. His wife, being allowed to visit him in his cell, very adroitly contrived for him the means of escape. In a kit of butter which she had brought for his use a rope was coiled up, by the help of which he was enabled to make his escape from the jail. He afterwards fled to Ireland, where he rendered some good service, and having obtained a pardon for past offences, he was permitted to return to his own country, and died at home in peace, after having spent a life of the greatest peril and adventure.

When the second Marquis of Huntly was defeated in every attempt to maintain the cause of the first Charles, he fled to the wilds of Strathavon, and was sheltered and succoured by the inhabitants. His ene-

mies, having found out the place of his retreat, came upon him in the night, and apprehended him in the miller's house at Delnabo, after a brave but fruitless resistance had been made by the small party who attended upon him. From Delnabo his Lordship was carried prisoner to the Castle of Blairfindy in Glenlivet, and thence to that of Edinburgh, where he soon after suffered the same fate as his royal master, whose cause he had so strenuously supported. An excellent Gaelic song is in existence, composed by the celebrated Celtic bard, "Ian Loin," on the event of the apprehension of the Marquis, of which are the two annexed stanzas :—

" 'Dailnabò ann Srath-a' Fhìn
 Leis a phrabair gun naire
 Gun do ghlaicte an t-Ailleagan treun
 'S mòr naigheachd ann 'n Albain
 Bóg-na-Goaith 'us Srath-Bhalgidh
 Bhì ga 'n claidh le Armailtean srèin."

i. e.,

"At Delnabo, in Strathavon, by the shameless and craven, was taken the beloved and brave in arms. Great and sad news in Scotland to hear that the Bog-o-Gight and Huntly are now subjected to the inroads of the bridled forces of the stranger.

Previous to becoming the property of the noble family of Gordon, Strathavon owned the sway of a branch of the Royal House of Stuart, who had their seat at Drumin (from "Druim Fhìonn," or the ridge of Fingal), a promontory between the confluence of the Avon and the Livat. The ruins of the castle of Drumin are still in rather a remarkable state of preservation, and appear not to be subjected to that process of demolition at the hands of man, which, to the disgrace of our countrymen, is too frequently the case as re-

gards such interesting memorials of the olden time. At Castle Newe, Strathdon, the seat of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., among a very interesting collection of ancient armour is to be seen a blunderbuss, about three feet long, with a calibre of two inches in diameter, bearing this inscription in antiquated characters, "Robert Stuart, of Strathavon and Glenlivat, 1411," and, from the coincidence of the date with that of the battle of Harlaw, it may be inferred that the piece was in use in that sanguinary struggle, and that the Stuarts of Drumin had fought under their superior, the Earl of Mar, in opposition to the Lord of the Isles, and that the gun may have at that time fallen into the hands of the Don Forbeses, who upon that occasion nobly distinguished themselves on the same side.

A remnant of the Strathavon Stuarts, denominated the Clan Allan, until a somewhat recent period continued to inhabit the higher braes of the Avon, but have now become extinct in the district, and the old silver-mounted snuff-mull, with the inscription, "Ceann Tighe' Chlann Ailean," *i. e.*, (Head of the House of Clan Allan,) has descended to the only known representative of the race, Mr Donald Stuart, Delfoor, Alvie, Inverness-shire. The Clan Allan of latter days were a most reckless and uncontrollable race of men. They are reported to have entertained a sovereign contempt for all laws and regulations, as laid down by the dignitaries of either Church or State. It was the common custom of this tribe, on a Sabbath, when going to attend divine worship at the Church of Kirkmichael, to arm themselves with their fishing spears, and to traverse the course of the Avon all the way down, maintaining

in their progress eager rivalry in piscation. On reaching the house of prayer they placed their spears against the gable of the church, and after service, on their way homeward, again resumed the sport.

It would appear that even until the present generation grew up, only a very low standard of morality existed among the interesting and generous-hearted community of those mountain-fastnesses. The population, having outgrown the means of legitimate and profitable employment, grew up in idleness and dissipation, and illicit distillation was carried on to a greater extent than in any other part of the neighbouring Highlands. The proper cultivation of the land was thus entirely neglected, and the whisky traffic, though pernicious and degrading in its character, produced a constant and plentiful circulation of money, and most of the inhabitants were enabled to live in comparative independence, and reckless of consequences. Tomintoul is the only village within the bounds of the Strath, and here follows the very amusing and lucid description of the villagers, given by the parish minister in the old "Statistical Account :"—

"All of them sell whisky, and all of them drink it. When disengaged from this business, the women spun yarn, kiss their inamoratos, or dance to the discordant strains of an old fiddle. The men, when not participating in the employment of the women, sell small articles of merchandise, or let themselves occasionally on day's labour, and by those means earn a scanty subsistence for themselves and families. In moulding human nature, the effects of habit are wonderful. This village, to them, has more than the charms of a Thessalian

Temple. Absent from it they are seized with the *mal de pais*, and never did a Laplander long more ardently for his snow-clad mountains than they sicken to re-visit the barren moor of their turf-thatched hovels. In person, respect, and fortune, at the head of the inhabitants must be ranked Mrs Mackenzie, of the best Inn, at the sign of the Horns.

“ This heroine began her career in the accommodating disposition of an easy virtue, at the age of fourteen, in the year 1745. That year saw her in a regiment in Flanders, caressing and caressed. Superior to the little prejudices of her sex, she relinquished the first object of her affection, and attached herself to a noble personage, high in the military department. After a campaign or two, spent in acquiring a knowledge of man and the world, Scotland saw her again, but, wearied of the inactivity of rural retirement, she then married, and made her husband enlist in the Royal Highlanders, at the commencement of the war in 1756. With him she navigated the Atlantic, and sallied forth on American ground in quest of adventures, equally prepared to meet her friends or encounter her enemies in the fields of Venus or Mars, as occasion offered. At the conclusion of that war she re-visited her native country. After a variety of vicissitudes in Germany, France, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, America, and the West Indies, her anchor is now moored on dry land in the village of Tomintoul. It might be imagined that such extremes of climate, such discordant modes of living, such ascents and declivities, so many rugged paths, so many severe brushes as she must have experienced in her progress through life, would have impaired her

health, especially when it is to be considered that she added 24 children to the aggregate of general births. Wonderful, however, as it may appear, at this moment she is as fit for her usual active life as ever, and except two or three grey hairs vegetating from a mole upon one of her cheeks, that formerly set off a high ruddy complexion, she still retains all the apparent freshness and vigour of youth."

The reverend gentleman and humorous biographer of this remarkable lady, had doubtless no small trouble to encounter in connection with the pastoral superintendence of such an undisciplined congregation, and the following may afford illustration of the extreme measures which he was occasionally necessitated to resort to in this respect :—

Upon one occasion, when the "Ministear Mòr," or Big Minister, as he was called, had dutifully attended the funeral of a deceased member of his flock, during the process of covering the grave, a quarrel broke out, which shortly resulted in blows, and a serious fight took place, in which most of those present took an interest, and engaged. The parson having noticed some disparity in the numbers and advantages of the combatants, on the impulse of the moment he exhibited more of the spirit of the man than the dignity of his sacred office, and stripped himself of his coat, which he tossed towards a neighbouring grave-stone, exclaiming, "Sud a' Ministear, so an duine," i.e., (Yonder the minister, here the man,) and seizing a monster bludgeon, he sprang to the succour of the weaker party. This forcible demonstration on the part of the reverend gentleman had the effect of

cooling the ardour of the belligerents, and whether from fear of personal chastisement, or respect for the disinterested interference of their spiritual father, the aggressors drew off, leaving the minister the acknowledged lion of the day.

Such scenes were two or three score years back of common occurrence at funerals in Strathavon, as well as in other neighbouring districts of the Highlands. It was indeed considered disrespectful to the memory of the deceased, and a mark of niggardly feeling on the part of the surviving relations, unless a goodly portion of the assemblage was in such a state of intoxication as to be unfit to proceed in company with the corpse to the churchyard. One of two scolds, who being mutually and passionately engaged in a war of words, has been known to have completely blunted her opponent by leeringly exposing the fact that there was neither a fight nor a drunk individual at her father's funeral. At the Boat of Gartin, in Strathspey, while two or three hundred men were assembled for the purpose of conveying to their last resting-place the remains of the mother of the present well-known William Fraser, and being liberally regaled with deep potations of the genuine mountain dew and other good things, the chief mourner, the affectionate son himself, when the day was well nigh spent, made the very considerate and accommodating proposal, whether it might not be better to postpone the matter to another day, rather than disturb and break up such an agreeable and respectable a company.

Another funeral party at Rothiemurchus, after leaving the house of mourning, found it expedient to re-

enter for the purpose of drinking a certain toast, which had been most unwarrantably neglected in the earlier part of the proceedings.

Some years ago, the parochial authorities had laid down a rule, allowing only two rounds of spirits to be served at funerals, and this local law has been somewhat strictly adhered to, and prevented such disreputable scenes as has been narrated taking place.

Funerals and all other meetings are now conducted in Strathavon and neighbourhood with propriety and decency. The people respect the laws, and are as far advanced in the march of improvement and intelligence as any other similarly-situated community in any part her Britannic Majesty's dominions.

A lady of a former generation sang—

“ Though ye would search the world round,
From the Indies to Strathavon,
Ye would not find such handsome men
As the bonnie lads of Avon.”

Many of them distinguished themselves in the military service of the country, and when the noble family of Gordon raised fencible regiments for the protection of the nation's rights, the sons of the Avon were remarkable for high stature and manly bearing in the ranks.

Among those who attained to eminence in the fields of Mars, allusion may specially be made to the Gordons of Croughly, the MacGregors of Dalvorar, and the Middletons of Inverowrie. That brave and gallant soldier, the late Lieut.-General Gordon, of Lochdhu, Nairnshire, was one of the first-mentioned family; and his six sons, all of them holding, at the present day, a

rank, at least of Captain in the British army, must certainly be looked up to as an honour to the green Highland strath in which they were born. A notice of this martial family, recently published, gives the average stature of the six brothers at 6 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins., or an aggregate of 36 feet 9 inches. Long may their gallant father's favourite expression, "Clan-na-Gaidheal'n guillibh a cheile," be realised as regards this interesting family !

EXPEDITION OF THE GRANTS TO ELGIN.

It may be safely assumed that at the present day there is no right thinking individual, with the welfare and prosperity of the Scottish Gael at heart, who does not regard the measures which broke down and annihilated feudal supremacy in the Highland chiefs with satisfaction,—yet, at the same time, the most strenuous advocate of revolutionary principles in this respect can hardly help entertaining unqualified admiration of that disinterested attachment and devotion to the Chief of his clan, and the general respect for his superiors, which has ever formed so notable a trait in the character of the genuine Highlander. It cannot, perhaps, be maintained that the mountaineer of modern times would be found ready to expose and lay down his life for his chieftain or laird with the same unflinching devotion as characterised

his ancestors of old, but there still exists between them an in-born consciousness of clannish connection, which the progress of events has failed altogether to dissolve, and the true nature of which is not to be appreciated by any one not well acquainted with the Highland character.

The two noble families who possess respectively the Earldoms of Fife and Seafield have in this manner long obtained the confidence of their Highland subjects, and the expression of regard and homage thus rendered has never passed unnoticed nor been lightly esteemed by the members of either of these illustrious houses.

Although the Duffs and the Grants happen to be somewhat closely related in blood, and live almost as one in the hearts of their tenantry and dependants, they have long entertained separate views in public politics, and from this latter circumstance arose the cause which prompted the last instinctive and general rising of a clan in Scotland. Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, the Elgin district of burghs had been in the hands of the old Tory party, who always succeeded in having a considerable majority in the Council of the Cathedral town. James, late Earl of Fife, having gained a degree of popularity among the northern public unsurpassed by any other nobleman in the county, had begun to advance those liberal opinions which have since obtained so decided an ascendancy in almost every burgh north of the Tweed. Lord Fife's influence in a very short time began to tell among the electors of Elgin, and in the year 1820, when an election of magistrates took place, an eager contest was carried on, and party feeling was strongly manifested on

both sides. The late Earl of Seafield was at the time absent from Scotland, but his two sisters resided at Grant Lodge, in the immediate vicinity of Elgin. The eldest, Miss Ann Grant of Grant, afterwards ennobled, was a lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments, and on this account she was looked up to with pride by everybody on the wide-extended estates of Grant, and especially by the Highlanders of Strathspey, where from her infancy she had been so well known, and almost idolized.

During the heat of the election at Elgin, the Grant ladies could scarcely appear on the streets of the town without being hooted and hissed at by the rabble, and their ears constantly assailed with shoutings of "Lord Fife for ever," and other outbursts of political feelings.

The high-spirited Miss Grant could ill brook such treatment from the populace of Elgin, and accordingly communicated to the venerable Captain Grant of Congash, who was at that time and for many years after, factor for Strathspey, the annoyance and insult to which she and her sister were exposed. This gentleman of the true blood of the Grants, on receipt of the news, instantly used means for making the intelligence known throughout the district of Strathspey. Upon a Sabbath morning, in the month of April, in the year 1820, the only story in the mouth of every individual in the village of Grantown, the centre and capital of Strathspey, was, that Miss Ann Grant, of Grant, the beloved of all and the pride and beauty of the Spey, was kept close prisoner in her own house by the burghers of Elgin. The general

excitement thus given rise to, had reached its culminating point as the people were assembling to the churches, and a resolution was formed, in which all were unanimous, that a descent should be made upon Elgin, and their favourite rescued from the power of the Lowlanders. The men of the village were collected by tuck of drum, and the warning to muster flew like wildfire to the uttermost glen and corner of the Strath. Never in the days of ancient warfare was the fiery cross proclaiming the magic word, "Craigellachie," sent abroad with a more spontaneous effect, and ere the sun had receded over the brow of the highest hill of "Gleann 'Chearnach," *i.e.*, (Glen of Heroes—ancient name of Duthil,) every male inhabitant between the ages of 16 and 60, on the property of the Chief of the Grants in Strathspey, was down glens and across mountains, prosecuting the nearest and most direct route to Elgin.

At an early hour on Monday morning, a general rendezvous was formed within a mile or two of the town, and many of the men having served in the army or been drilled in militia volunteer corps, and there being among them several half-pay officers, the whole array was easily arranged in rank-and-file order. By this time an account of the hostile demonstration and impending danger had been brought into Elgin, and the weaker portion of the townspeople—citizens, perhaps, more properly—were struck with the utmost fear and dismay. They imagined that the Highlanders had come to sack and burn the town in the same manner as the Wolf of Badenoch had done several centuries before, and, in consequence, the greatest alarm and commotion



for a time prevailed. The Provost and Magistrates, however, behaved in a most wise and judicious manner, and did much to calm the fears of the inhabitants. An order was given that all the shops and other public places should be closed; and special constables being appointed to see the order carried into effect, the town was made to wear the appearance of a holiday, and the Highlanders were admitted, and allowed to march through the streets without the least molestation or any apparent signs of concern at their sudden and unexpected visit. After a few perambulations apparently unnoticed, the devoted clansmen were marched into the parks and policies of Grant Lodge, and the object of their solicitude having been presented to them, to convince them of her safety, and that all was right as regarded her, they were, after a very friendly entertainment, prevailed upon to return to their homes. It would perhaps be difficult to justify the policy which instigated to this famous display on the part of the Strathspey men, but, as the affair terminated so quietly, one can scarcely help entertaining a feeling of admiration toward the gallant devotedness which stirred the bosoms of the rough, simple, and generous-hearted Highlanders upon the occasion.

“ When the Chief of Grant abroad did rant
 Bha feum air gaisgich Ghaidhealach
 Gu dhol air ball air feadh nan Gáll
 Chumail ceart na’ meirlich.

With bonnets blue and hearts so true
 Rinn iadsan Eiligain sguabaidh
 ‘Sna Goill gu dlu rhuith anns gach cùil
 Gun d-toil gun ‘sùrd gu bualadh.

The river Spey will sooner dry
 'B-furas an Carngorm dh-tiondadh
 Na iadsan buaidh thoir air 'n sluagh
 Tha shuas an glac na'm beanntan.

Now here adieu ! Miss Grant to you
 Do dheagh Dheoch-Slainte 'sa Ghaelig
 'S mu bhios feum air daoine h-Strathspea
 Cha threig iad u's cha n-thaillig."

THE CLERICAL CURSE OF DUTHIL.

In the days of our grandfathers the ignorant and superstitious portion of the community in the Highlands was firm in the belief that there existed among themselves certain individuals endowed with the gift of prophecy, and who had also the power of blessing and cursing. "Gheibh Baoibh an guidhe gar am faidh'n noman trocair" *i. e.*, (a wizard or wicked woman shall obtain their wish should their souls not obtain money,) is an old saying, and by some not altogether disregarded even at the present day.

About a century and a half ago, the parish of Duthil, in Strathspey, was under the pastoral superintendence of the Rev. Donald ———. It may be inferred that at such a remote period the light of the Reformation had not penetrated far into so outlawed a corner of the vineyard, and that the minister had not yet obtained that respectful attention on the part of the parishioners of Duthil, which, from his sacred office, he was entitled to

expect. The Grants of Dalrachnie were a family of considerable consequence in the parish, but possessed not, as would appear, the good opinion of him who presided over them in holy things. When a son was born in the family, the parson was heard to remark that another demon was added to the tribe, and the unguarded expression unhappily reached the ears of the Grants. The haughty and offended father determined to avenge the insult upon the minister.

When the baptism of the infant took place, a sumptuous feast and entertainment in accordance with the fashion of the time was given at Dalrachnie to the neighbours and friends of the family. The simple and unsuspecting minister was prevailed upon to quaff the inebriating cup until he was no longer responsible for his actions, and when his reverence awoke in the morning, he discovered that he had obtained a Leah for his Rachel, and that his entertainer's dairy-maid had been his sleeping companion for the night. This exposure of the poor clergyman's imprudence placed him in a most uncomfortable position, and he soon afterward resigned or was deposed. He left the parish of Duthil with a deep impression that the wrong which had been done him was cruelly premeditated, and whilst taking a last and lingering look of the devoted spot from the top of the hill of Forrigin, he is said to have prayed upon his bended knees, that, to mark his innocence, and avenge the injury he had sustained, the people of Duthil should be deprived of the service of a useful and godly minister until the seventh generation.

That any revelation of the silly nature here de

scribed should have been made, or taken root in the minds of a people, is matter of sad reflection, but it is a fact not to be disputed, that this parish has long been noted for discord in matters of religion. Each succeeding incumbent has been unable to gain the affections of the people, who raise up preachers and exhorters among themselves, very much after the fashion described in the following fragment of an old poem :—

“ Good Lord ! what a sanctified people are ours,
Behold how religious a nation,
His tools thrown by, every tradesmen now scours
The country and preaches salvation.

With Bible in hand, black coat and white band,
These Apostles are everywhere swarming,
The text they expound, with a sanctified sound,
And descant in a manner so charming.

That young run to hear them, and old run to hear them,
The young running fast, are the first to get near them,
The old coming last on tiptoes must near them,
To catch the evangelical echo.

The currier of skins, hark how he begins
His ditty so drawling and holy,
The crowd in amaze on their oracle gaze,
And melt at the sound melancholy.

Dear brethren, alas ! ye have all gone astray,
And your backsliding guides have betrayed you,
But if you will listen I'll point out the way,
And this Bible's the torch that shall guide you.

Against the proud Philistines while he's inveighing,
For the ark of the Lord they are fainting and dying,
They're weeping and wailing, loud sobbing and crying,
And the spirit of sadness broods o'er them.”

It is now, however, to be understood that the seventh succession in the ministry has taken place at Duthil,

and in consequence, that the clerical curse is on the eve of expiring, and it is to be earnestly hoped that disaffection and enmity in matters of religion will no longer disgrace the annals of this beautiful and interesting Highland parish.

A HIGHLAND PARSON AND HIS FAITHFUL PARISHIONER.

PREVIOUS to the days of communication by steam power, and before the introduction of turnpike roads into the Highlands, the race of the Gael lived much more as a separate community than at the present day, and the mountaineer's visits to the cities of the plains were "few and far between." The consequence of this seclusion was, that when rare or important business brought down a denizen of the hills, he was commonly loaded with orders from the neighbours to procure certain articles of luxury or usefulness not to be obtained within the sphere of general communication. Many ludicrous stories are told of honest Donald's difficulty in procuring such commodities, very often from having perhaps forgotten, by the way, the proper name or term by which to make himself understood. The following anecdote will afford an example of such frequent mistakes :—

The clergyman of a certain parish, situated far to the northward, gave a commission to one of his

parishioners, who was going to Glasgow, to bring, on his return home, a quantity of white candied sugar. On Donald's return, he waited, all complaisant, on on the expectant and impatient parson, and put into his hands the luscious *bon bouche*, as he thought ; but, to the astonishment of poor Donald, the parson stormed and made a wry face, exclaiming, " This is not candied sugar ; it is alum ! "

Donald made his escape, while the enraged parson chewed the cud of disappointment, and cursed the stupidity of his doited parishioner. The poor fellow being much annoyed at so sudden a fall in the good opinion of his parish minister, besought a brother of the parson to make up the peace. This gentleman, who was a bit of a wag, advised the parishioner to bring, as a peace-offering, a bottle or two of the " right stuff," meaning smuggled whisky, as it was very well known that the *wet parson*, as he was called, was a perfect judge of the *real* dew of the mountains, the staple beverage of Caledonia.

Donald accordingly provided himself with his peace-offering, and proceeded to the parson's house, but on his way thither he deemed it prudent to conceal the bottles containing the whisky in a hay-rick hard by, until he should ascertain whether there was any likelihood of a favourable reception. This precautionary measure on the part of Donald was observed by the minister's waggish brother, who contrived to replace the bottles of whisky with others filled with water. Things being in this position, Donald found access to his reverence, who assumed importance in proportion as poor Donald made obeisance, and, after much bowing

and scraping, finding favourable symptoms of reconciliation on the part of his lately offended pastor, a glass of genuine whisky was proposed by Donald, and cordially assented to by the relenting minister. Away Donald went for the bottles, was back with them in a twinkling, filled a brimmer, and presented it with all due reverence and gladness of heart to the smiling parson, who had no sooner filled his mouth with the "Uisge-a-biatha" than he squirted the whole in Donald's face, vociferating at the same time, "Air Dhia bhallaich 's meas a so na 'n t-alam," *i. e.*, (By —, fellow, this is worse than the alum!) At this critical moment the enraged parson's brother entered, with a bottle of Donald's peace-offering.

An explanation of the trick played by this wag paved the way for a cordial reconciliation, which was happily accomplished by a round or two of the *right stuff*, the genuine dew of the Grampians, and the exclamatory phrase of the minister, viz., "'S meas a so na 'n t-alam," (This is worse than the alum,) became proverbial in that and the neighbouring parishes.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS DOWAGER
OF BEDFORD.

(THE noble Family of Russel had their autumnal residence for the long period of thirty years at the Doune of Rothiemurchus, in the county of Inverness. The late dowager Duchess, who died at Nice, in Italy, in March, 1853, being the youngest daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, was well-known to the Highlanders from her infancy, and as she possessed in an eminent degree those peculiar native attributes which shone so conspicuously in the character of her noble mother, the celebrated Jane, Duchess of Gordon, it need not be wondered at that the news of her death was received with heartfelt sorrow in the neighbourhood of her Highland home.)

The blue waves that roll from the shores of Italia
Have borne to the north a dark-coloured tale,
The good and the noble—the pride of the Highlands
In a far distant clime lies breathless and pale.

The breezes that play through the woods of Kinrara,
The scenes of her youth, seem her death to bewail,
Where repose kindred ashes* in oblivion's slumber,
That once was the hope and the pride of the Gael.

* Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was interred at her own request in a lone, but beautiful spot on the bank of the Spey, in the neighbourhood of Kinrara.

The Doune, now deserted, looks gloomy and cheerless,
Every object around, long her pleasure and care,
Will never again wear the gay-like appearance
They were wont to assume when her presence was
there.

Not feigned are the tears on the cheeks of the aged,
Sincere the lament of the helpless and poor,
And the young may despair, their advancement suspended,
For if merit commended was patronage sure.

May Providence shelter the kind-hearted maiden,*
Now left for the loss of a parent to grieve,
May maternal example guide, rule, and exalt her,
And the prayers of the loving her sorrows relieve.

The lamp that for ages did beam with refulgence,
Is now quite extinguished in the loss we deplore,
For, when we thus mourn o'er the race of the Gordons,
We deeply regret that the last is no more.

ON WITNESSING
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF SEAFIELD
PASS THROUGH GRANTOWN.

THE Grants of Strathspey are at the present day, as a Clan, unmistakeably the most united, numerous, and attached to their Chief, of any name in Scotland. The

* Lady Rachel Russel, afterwards Lady James Butler.

system of "Highland clearances" has never been attempted in any part of the wide patrimonial possessions of the house of Seafield, and, as a natural consequence, any special or important event connected with the family is hailed with demonstrations of no ordinary interest by their tenantry and dependants, and even yet represent in bright colours the feudal usages of two centuries back, when

"At the summons of their lord,
Each clan came forth with one accord."

The Grants they are mustering in numbers not few,
And a numerous escort falls under my view,
But their dress not the tartan, no emblem of war
Is seen to appear round that slow-moving car.

They come to convey the remains of their Chief
To the tombs of his fathers, 'midst wailing and grief,
And the dead hollow sounds of the slow-tolling bell
Impress on their hearts the sad truth but too well.

Could human exertion have saved his life,
Not a few had with will been engaged in the strife,
A thousand bold hearts in his native Strathspey
Were ready to rise had a foeman come nigh.

From the Spey's lost waters to Ellachie's brow
Every heart is this day full of sorrow and woe,
Brooding over his virtues increases the pain,
Noble qualities such we may ne'er see again.

But since that his fate is the doom of our race,
Let our cherished fond hope now our sorrow replace,
That the brilliant example a father has set
Will be guide to the son who assumes his estate.

May comfort from high on the widowed descend,
And a bounteous Providence his offspring befriend,
With feelings of sorrow we regard his decease,
To his mem'ry be honour, to his ashes be peace.

SUGGESTED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF GREAT
NUMBERS OF YOUNG MEN IN THE YEARS
1853 AND 1854, LEAVING THE HIGHLANDS FOR
THE GOLD-FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

THEN hail to the land of treasures untold,
The cities of riches, the valleys of gold,
The attractions of which will entice o'er the sea,
"The descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee."

The primitive strains of Selma's own bard
On Mount Alexander will henceforth be heard,
We'll transplant the thistle and carry it o'er,
The plaid and the bonnet, the dirk, and claymore.

Then woe to our nobles, their factors and all,
Should our shores be menaced by the eagles of Gaul,
They will miss, when too late, the sons of the north,
They had previously valued at not half their worth.

The rose of the Saxon, methinks, may turn pale,
When danger approaches, and distant the Gael;
The bare-legged lads with the bonnets of blue,
And the grey horse that cantered at red Waterloo.

With hearts dull and heavy they've left their own
mountains,

To feast on the gazelle and wild kangaroo,
No danger they feared, though the ocean they breasted,
That lies 'tween Port Philip and the lofty Craigdhu.*

May fortune attend them when far from their kindred,
And smile upon honour, on virtue, and worth;
Although our hearts bleed at the parting so tender,
We wish them safe back to the glens of the north.

NEW WORDS TO THE TUNE OF "THE HAUGHS
OF CROMDALE."

OFT has it been my lot to stray
By Avon's banks in sunny May,
But now, alas! I must away
Across the hill o' Cromdale.

Though there no longer may I dwell,
My heart adheres as by a spell

* Craigdhu, a bleak, lofty, and rugged eminence in the district of Badenoch, and the war-cry of the Clan Mhuirich or M'Pher-sons.

To one and all I loved so well
Behind the hill o' Cromdale.

There may be lasses blithe and gay,
On either side the river Spey,
But she who's ta'en my heart away
Is 'yond the hill o' Cromdale.

Where Fergan's* healing waters flow
Unto the crystal stream below,
She lives, the cause of all my woe,
Close to the hill o' Cromdale.

Though she my passion may disdain,
My love for her shall be the same,
And stedfast ever will remain,
Just like the hill o' Cromdale.

But if fortune in the land of gold
Her ample wings o'er me unfold,
We'll yet resume the joys of old,
"Air mullach Beine Chrom'ail."†

* Fergan, the name of a copious spring of clear water which issues from the side of a steep heathery hill in the parish of Kirk-michael, Bantfshire. It was of old held in most sacred veneration, the belief being current that its waters possessed certain medicinal properties. A public fair was once held annually at Fergan, in connection with which many singular anecdotes are still told.

† Top of Cromdale hill.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF COMMENCING
HOSTILITIES AGAINST RUSSIA.

AWAKE, my muse, at sound of war,
A voice from thee, at least,
Against the vaunting of the Czar,
The terror of the East.
May Fortune's sun, obscure and dim,
Direct his destiny,
But brightly shine o'er lands sublime,
And on the Baltic Sea.

"Long live the Queen" be Britons' song,
God bless our friend in France,
And, Moabite-like, disperse the throng,
That 'gainst their force advance.
Their country's fame may they retain,
Each martial bosom fire,
And warlike drone of Caledon
To valiant deeds inspire.

Long may our famous walls of oak
Withstand the hostile ball,
And "Charlie,"* with his jackets blue,
Be at their country's call.
Each gallant tar, mind Trafalgar,
Where British valour shone,
And shew the Czar 'twere better far
To leave the Turk alone.

* Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

May noble Raglan's standard wave
Triumphant in the van,
And Scarlett, with the gallant Greys,
Shew forth what valour can.
To Cambridge's Duke with pride we look,
Let Nicholas beware,
And woe betide his northern pride,
When Scotland's sons go there.

ALEXANDER MACCOLL OR MACDONALD.

THERE are still many floating anecdotes related throughout the Highlands of the matchless prowess of Alexander MacDonald, commonly known as "Alastair-Mac-Cholla," the brave Irish partizan of the "Great Montrose." His father, "Colla Ciatach," or handsome Coll, as he was called, had in his own day rendered distinguished services in the troubles of Scotland, and in consequence it would appear that the fame to which the son attained was in some measure anticipated in the Highlands as soon as the news of his coming was made known. The *Seanachies*, or oral historians of the Gael, have thus reported as to the manner in which the younger Macdonald obtained the command of the Irish Contingent. When these loyal cavaliers were mustered, equipped, and in full readiness to depart for Scotland, a council of war was held to deliberate as to who should be placed at their head. Several of the nobles

of the "Green Isle," and many of greater influence than MacDonald, aspired to the honour, and consideration of the matter was only decided by the chairman or president of the council making the suggestion that the command ought to be given to the hero of boldest heart and stoutest arm in Ireland, if known. Instantly upon this announcement, Alastair-Mac-Cholla stood forward, and drawing his sword, declared that he was the man, and the command of which he very soon proved himself so deserving, was given unto him. The martial exploits of the brilliant Irishman often evoked the laudations of the Gaelic muse of Caledonia, of which a specimen is retained in the following lines :—

“ Alastair laoidhe mo cheile,
 Deth na chunnaic 's dh-fag'u 'n Eirin,
 Dh-fag 'u na miletean agus na ceudean
 Ach cha d-fhag'u aon dheth do leithid fein ann.

Calpa cruinn a t-shuibhail aotrom,
 Cas chruinneachadh an t-sluaigh ri cheil,
 Cha deannear cogadh es 'd eug'ais,
 'S gun do shith cha deannear reite.”

i. e.,

Alexander, dearest jewel of my heart !
 'Mong the thousands you left behind
 Of braves, within the Isle of Erin,
 Your own equal is not to find.

Shapely foot of lightsome step,
 Expert at mustering martial train,
 Without thee, War were unavailing,
 And hope of Peace entirely vain.

It would seem that MacDonald, although himself always foremost in deeds of daring and bravery, was like most distinguished commanders, at all times ready to recognise and appreciate valour in others, and of this

commendable trait in his character the following instances are recorded :—

At one time, when in a skirmish with the Covenanters, and pent up with a handful of his followers in an enclosed place, from which escape seemed impossible, an alert and sturdy tinker of the name of Stewart, from Athol, made his appearance among his men, and with his claymore hewed down the Covenanters until few were left to trust to their heels for the safety of their heads. Macdonald, astonished at the timely support and fearless attack of this unknown warrior, after the fray was over called him to his presence, and asked him who and what he was. The tinker modestly replied that he was but a *caird*, and hardly deserved to be named among men, far less among such brave men as were present. MacDonald, turning round to his followers, pronounced the heroic tinker's praise in the following words, "Struagh nach bu Chaird gu leir sibh an diugh,"—in other words, "'Tis pity that you were not all tinkers this day,"—and it is to be readily supposed that the service rendered by this gallant and worthy member of the "Clout the cauldron" fraternity did not go unrewarded.

Upon another occasion this brave general had encamped with a division of the Royalists at Rothiemurchus, on the banks of the Spey. The country people, who were favourably disposed towards the cause which they espoused, came flocking to the camp with provisions for the soldiers, and all visitants manifested the most eager anxiety to obtain a sight of the renowned Alastair-Mac-Cholla, of whom they had heard so much. A high-spirited and stalwart native Highlander, who

was generally esteemed as the greatest champion in the district in feats of strength and arms, had also come for the express purpose of seeing this oracle of universal admiration. He begged of some one with whom he had come in contact, to point out to him Alastair-Mac-Cholla. MacDonald at the time happened to be standing quite close to them, and the Highlander, after making an earnest survey of the personal appearance of the great man, exclaimed in a somewhat careless and seemingly disparaging tone of voice, "Ne sin do rìreamh Alastair-Mac-Cholla," (*i. e.*, Is that in reality Alexander MacColl?) MacDonald overheard the conversation, and abruptly turning round, harshly addressed the stranger thus: "Cìod e ad aobhar bhith feorachadh mu'm thimchiol'sa Bhalaich," (*i. e.*, What is your reason for enquiring so about me, fellow?) The Highlander, nothing daunted, replied that he had a desire of satisfying his curiosity by a personal sight of the man of whom he had heard so much, and that he had no other reason. "Well," said MacDonald, "What do you think of me, now that you've seen me?" The Highlander made answer in the following metaphorical style, "Ged thachairadh 'u orm annsa an Lairg ud urrad, agus mo ghùнна bhith agam 'us ged dh-iarraidh 'u i cha chreid mi nach abairinn nach fhaighadh 'u i," (*i. e.*, Although you were to meet me in yonder upper valley, with my gun in my possession, and if you were to demand it of me, I almost think I would say, *You won't have it.*) MacDonald was very much pleased with the resolution of the Highlander, as well as with the artful and significant nature of his reply, and advancing toward him gave him a hearty shake of the

hand, at the same time addressing these words to him,
 “Bu mhor 'm beud h-iarraidh ort is rodh mhath is
 fiach 'u fein i, ach na an iarrainsa' i bhiodh i agam,”
 (*i.e.*, Pity it were to demand your gun of you, for you
 deserve it well yourself, but were I to ask it, *I would*
have it.)

From the annexed stanza addressed to MacDonald,
 it would appear that the Highlanders were in his day
 subjected to a tax of a merk upon every head of sheep
 they possessed, and it seems also that a hope existed
 that he alone, above all others, was the man to free
 them from this impost :—

“ Dia leat Alastair-Mhic-Cholla,
 'S mor do thomad measg dhaoine,
 Gloir do Dhia 'u thigh-inn dh-Albain,
 Cha phaighe sinne marc es a chaora.”

i. e.,

God be with you, Alexander MacColl !
 The great in stature among men ;
 Blessed be He who sent you to Scotland—
 We shall no longer render a merk for our sheep.

COMPOSED AND PUBLISHED AT THE TIME OF
 EMBODYING THE INVERNESS REGIMENT OF
 MILITIA, FOR THE PURPOSE OF AWAKENING
 THE DORMANT MARTIAL SPIRIT IN THE
 YOUNG MEN OF THE COUNTIES.

O ! WHAT for the deuce are ye 'a so slow,
 When others are ready to “gather and go,”

Ye ken in a' the great wars that ha'e been,
Your fathers were first in the ranks to be seen.

It's maybe 'cause Fife is now an auld man
And canna be able to lead on the van,
Though the backs o' our great folk are maist at the wa',
There's still a gallant Gordon* to lead you awa'.

Though the farms are united, and the land has got dear,
And men dinna pay just as weel as the deer,
In a' the four counties it's a wonder to me,
If there's no seven hundred thirty and three.†

Then rise up and think on the days that are gone,
When the Duchess of Gordon and Huntly her son,
Called our youth forth to arms, how readily they cam,'
And how quickly the private cam' to get a comman'.

I'm sure there are Camerons baith sides o' Lochiel,
Who always were foremost to handle the steel,
To the "Pibroch o' Dhonuil"‡ all dangers they'll brave,
Nor turn till they fa' at the mouth o' the grave.

The Grants they are loyal and of ancient fame,
And well can they play their ain part o' the game,
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale ye'll see a pretty raw
When the cry as of yore is "Craigellachie§ gu brath."

* Colonel Gordon of Park.

† 733. The aggregate number voted by Parliament for service, in the four counties of Inverness, Banff, Elgin, and Nairn.

‡ Pibroch o' Donuil 'dubh. The marching tune of the Clan Cameron.

§ Craigellachie for ever. The war-cry of the Clan Grant.

M'Donald and MacLeod wi' their clansmen frae Skye,
Always were foremost to conquer or die,
Fraser of Lovat, and Chisholm of Strathglass,
Were sure to have a share ere the glory did pass.

The Mackintosh of Moy has vassals not a few,
And the honour of the name they will always keep in
view,
When the auld "'Brattach Uaine"* Cluny shall display,
The Clan will be eager the signal to obey.

The Duffs and the Gordons will doubtless be there,
Of whatever honour goes they are sure to have a share,
Then muster yoursel's, make ready and go—
"Shoulder to shoulder," prepare for the foe.

COMPOSED UPON THE HAPPY OCCASION OF
THE MARRIAGE OF LORD JAMES W. BUTLER
AND THE FAIR AND ACCOMPLISHED LADY
RACHEL E. RUSSEL.

WHEN the dread roar of cannon was hushed in the east,
And our good Queen reposed with peace in her breast,
Was ingrafted a flower from the distant Glenmore,
With a twig of the shamrock from Erin's green shore.

The bagpipes were sounding, the bonfires did blaze,
Old and young, rich and poor, were alike in her praise,

* The Green Standard.

We called back to mind the happy days of yore,
And the deeds of the noble who now are no more.

And when in the evening we joined in the throng,
"Happy may she be" were the words on each tongue,
Her health was drunk with glee, amid deafening roar,
And still was the cry "hip! one cheer more."

But now, noble lady, though you've altered your name,
We indulge the bright hopes of your presence again,
That you and your loved one may shortly come o'er,
And remain for a while near your favourite Glenmore.*

UPON THE SAFE ARRIVAL OF COLONEL LORD
ALEXANDER RUSSEL OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE,
AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PEACE,
SIGNED BY THE ALLIED POWERS AND RUSSIA.

THY advent from the bloody wars,
We hail with joy, brave son of Mars,
Descendant of a ducal line,
No blood of England more pure than thine.
Thy sires upon the bloody field,
The sword of liberty did wield,
And in the senate thy honoured name
Has oft attained illustrious fame.

* Glenmore—a most romantic glen at the foot of Cairngorum, in the south-eastern part of Invernesshire. The glen is situate within a short distance of the Doune of Rothiemurchus, long the autumnal residence of the Russel family.

When the crafty Kaffir did rebel,
And a force was wanted the war to quell,
It then became thy noble part,
To lend support to the brave Cathcart.*
No sooner home than called again
To aid in a far more serious game,
When all our energy was sent forth,
To check the tyranny of the North.

But now that peace is once more restored,
And again Britannia has sheathed the sword,
A long lease of quiet may you now enjoy
With your lovely lady and darling boy.
And when to the forest you do resort,
May you there obtain the best of sport,
Of whatever pleasures our fields afford
We wish a portion for my lord.

WRITTEN UPON THE OCCASION OF A VISIT TO
GLENMORE BY LORD AND LADY SEAFIELD
IN THE SUMMER OF 1856.

THE titled chieftain of the Spey,
With lady fair of lineage high,†

* Sir George Cathcart was Commander-in-Chief in South Africa during the latter part of the Kaffir rebellion, and Lord A. Russel had an appointment upon the Staff of the General.

† The present Countess of Seafield is sister of Lord Blantyre, a genuine Stuart, and descended from the ancient royal family of Scotland.

Attended by a faithful few
Of hearts attached and homage true,
Who for his lordship in the strife
Would drain the very springs of life.

Dressed like his vassals just the same,
The mountain garb he well became,
No show in him of pomp or pride,
To help a stranger to decide
Between the head of a powerful clan,
And any other common man.

And then the lady of temper sweet,
Of graceful form and visage meet,
Seems of her lord the counterpart
And darling idol of his heart,
Of health and pleasure we wish them store
Again to visit the "dark Glenmore."

WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1855.

WHEN news of deeper interest cease,
And senators retire in peace,
May I not venture thus once more
To raise my voice in "dark Glenmore,"
And sing, though silent long I've been,
That still I'm subject to the Queen.

To every loyal-hearted man,
Auld wife and maiden in the land,
And all who hold their country dear,
I wish a good and happy year,
And as soon as I get through my sonnet,
The toast be "Colin and his Bonnet."*

More able pens have well pourtrayed
How Highland soldiers behaved
At Balaklava's bloody fight,
And at the Alma on the height,—
From henceforth let it not be said
That Highland *mettle* has decayed.

DEDICATED TO THE FORBES MEN, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MARCH OF THE CLAN TO THE BRAEMAR "GATHERING."

WHEN slumbering and laid on my pillow of rest,
The pibroch of Lonach methinks in mine ear,
The sons of the Don in martial gear drest,
With Ho ! Hurrah ! Lonach will shortly be here.

In the high glens of Dee in true Highland array,
By the clansmen of Duff you'll be welcomed in style,

* Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde, and the Highland Bonnet which he was privileged to wear for his conduct at the Battle of the Alma.

The sons of old Farquhar to you honour will pay,
And the Queen of the Freemen shall grant you a smile.

The maidens of Mar, fair, handsome and gay,
The approach of your banners will inwardly bless,
They will linger around you as long as you stay,
And the toil of the journey reward with a kiss.

Then hail ! to your chief of high ancient renown,
The pride of the Highlands is "Charlie,"* I trow ;
He's loyal and leal to our country and crown,
And laurels has gained for his kindness to you.

When the three streaming† banners at the old castle wave,
Victoria well may be proud to behold
Her lads, who would march to the brink of the grave,
With the same firm step as their fathers of old.

In the keen eager contest when the heroes are seen,
May no spiteful feelings the friendliness mar ;
And still may the sacred cheer, "God save the Queen,"
Make the echoes return from the wild crags of Mar.

* The present baronet of Newe, Sir Charles Forbes, is one of the most enthusiastic Highlanders of the age. He is a most indulgent landlord, and presides over his tenantry very much in the fashion of "the good old Scottish chieftain, all of the olden time."

† The Duffs, the Farquharsons, and the Forbeses, are the three only clans whose banners most commonly appear at the famous annual "Gathering" at Braemar Castle.

SUNG AT A PUBLIC DINNER AT GRANTOWN,
WHICH TOOK PLACE IN HONOUR OF THE
ELEVATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF SEAFIELD TO THE BRITISH
PEERAGE, UNDER THE TITLE OF BARON
STRATHSPEY OF STRATHSPEY.

THE news that from London has lately come down,
Along with a patent conferred by the Crown,
Makes the hearts of the clansmen this night to beat high
For the honour conferred on the chief of the Spey.

On the wide-spread domains of the great House of Grant,
Every true Highland heart be this night jubilant,
lenurquhart and Cullen our luck may envy,
And grudge us the title of Baron Strathspey.

Prosper Derby, Disraeli, Walpole, and Co.,*
For the future we'll stand them in weal or in woe,
We're all of us honoured, I may say, in a way,
By the title bestowed on the chief of the Spey.

Enjoy he that title to life's latter age,
And his laurels increase on the world's honoured stage;
And may his offspring flourish for ever and aye,
Still adding new honours to the banks of the Spey.

The feudal attachment of our fathers of yore
Is still in its strength in our hearts' inner core,
And if the standard of Freuchie† were reared to the sky,
We would muster and fight for Baron Strathspey.

* The Government of the day.

† The ancient name of Castle Grant.

When the force of our river frail man can resist,
When the rock of our war-cry* hath crumbled in dust,
When our hearts cease to beat and our veins have run
dry,
Shall we fail to do homage to Baron Strathspey.

T O M A R Y.

THE following verses were composed mainly for the purpose of gratifying the vanity of a certain young lady, who courted the author, as he believed, more for the purpose of inciting the feeble powers of his muse, than from any regard she otherwise entertained for himself. He, in common with the bards, by no means denies the sensibility of his heart to the influence of the tender passion in every case, but in the present work he has suppressed—as he thinks, rather wisely—any great outburst of his love-effusions, for who need sing of love, and more particularly of the hallowed name of “Mary,” after the great who have gone before?

I have travelled o’er Scotland, and crossed the border—
The fair ones of England ’tis pleasure to view—
But I never untied the fond love of my bosom,
Till the night I fell in, my dear Mary, with you.

* The Craigellachie rock is the war-cry of the Clan Grant, and a representation of the same surmounts the arms of the family of Grant of Grant.

Ah! did the noble bard's spirit inspire me,
Who sung of his "Mary on the banks of the Dee,"
I would tell of the beauty, the matchless appearance,
And dark rolling eyes that endear her to me.

Those eyes have a charm which to me was a stranger,
Till fate had allowed that I Mary should see;
But better it were had I never beheld them,
Unless she'll consent that my bride she will be.

Oh! how I shall envy the fortunate wooer,
The heart of my Mary that is doomed to subdue,
Vain hope to arise in the breast of a rover,
A poor Highland lad with a bonnet of blue.

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU AT THE INN OF KIL-
DRUMMIE LODGE, ABERDEENSHIRE, WHERE
THE AUTHOR RESTED WHILE ON A PASSING
EXCURSION DOWN DONSIDE.

ON fourteenth August 'fifty-six,
The weather clear and sunny,
I visited the noted ruins
Of famous old Kildrummie.

Those walls, when in their grandeur stood,
Ensconced the patriot Bruce,
And haughty Edward's arms withstood,
Nor bore the flag of truce.

And when that sacred ground I trode,
Renowned in song and story,
I thought of Scotia's ancient pride,
And Scotia's former glory.

But when I called at Barry's Inn
My thoughts found other quarter,
My wandering muse the theme did lose
In the beauty of the waiter.

If she will to the Highlands go,
And leave her lowland laddie,
No fear of her from frost or snow,
While lasts entire my plaidie.

CAIRNGORM.

“ 'Mid wastes that dorn and dreary lie,
One mountain rears his mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing by,
And smiles above the thunder-storm.”—*Hogg*.

“ AN-CARN-GORM,” or the Blue Mountain, is one of the most celebrated of the Caledonian Alps. It is situated on the borders of the counties of Inverness and Banff, and rises to an elevation of 4050 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect from the summit of Cairngorm, especially towards the north and east, is very extensive, and of great variety. In a clear atmosphere, and by the use of a telescope, the shipping in the Moray Firth

may be plainly discovered, and also several houses in Ross-shire, at the distance of upwards of 60 miles, the windows of which can be counted.

The mountain is, however, principally famous for the beautiful rock crystals to be found on its slopes, which, when subjected to the art of the lapidary, have such a magnificent appearance in Highland ornaments and other species of jewellery. Near the summit of Cairngorm, on the northern side, is "Fuaran-a-Mharcuis," or the Marquis's Well, where the tourist commonly refreshes himself, after the exertion of the ascent, by a draught of hard crystallized water from its gravelly basin, which, when qualified by a drop of "real Glenlivet," produces a cup of grog of the most exquisite quality. Lochavon and the "Cloch Dhion," or stone of shelter, are situated at the base of Cairngorm, on the southern side, and are surrounded by dark overhanging columns of stupendous rock, altogether forming a scene of mountain solitude and grandeur, which, to be thoroughly appreciated, must be seen. The following appeared some time ago, when a friendly newspaper controversy took place as to the several interesting features of certain mountains of the north:—

My worthy neighbour, Cairngorm,
Of lofty crown and bulky form,
The other day did me instruct
To write for him to "Cabrach's Buck,"
And to the "Buck's" two other friends,
To whom his best respects he sends.
He hopes I will not see him wronged,
Although he is but Gaelic-tongued ;

When other mountains vent their boast,
 And dwarfish hills so near the coast.
 To them he begs of me to say,
 In the little English that I ha'e,
 That well he likes the friendly strain
 Their correspondence has yet ta'en,
 And as each says something of himsel',
 He wishes me his tale to tell.

Although they boast of being tall,
 He's head and shoulders o'er them all,
 And who such wonders can perform,
 When rage the spirits of the storm ;
 Although the dismal misty cloud
 His lofty crown doth often shroud,
 He has at times the brightest rays
 That ever shone on Lowland braes,
 And though he wears his nightcap lang,
 He's far removed from home of man,
 Which causes him to care much less
 'Bout wearing fine or gaudy dress.
 But who can match him in the north,
 When on state occasions he comes forth ?
 Or who such costly gems do wear,
 As on his breast we see appear ?
 Or who such riches ever gained
 As in his coffers are contained ?
 Unless we go to lands of gold
 Beyond the seas, of which we're told.

His lofty brow bears many a scar,
 And must have stood the strokes of war,

But now he's quite in safety found,
And barricaded round and round,
Except towards his northern friends,
Whom ne'er his dignity offends,
But live in peace as neighbours should,
Each anxious for the other's good.

He's highly spoke of by the great,
And chosen men in Church and State
Have oft declared, when in Glenmore,
His like they never saw before.

I've heard some learned chieils allege,
But this myself I will not pledge,
That he's in kin with old Parnassus,
Whose bonnie, blithe, and blooming lasses
Delight to ramble by his side
At early dawn and eventide.

But in case ye'll think we're gi'en to brag,
The ink out of my pen I'll wag,
And just conclude by letting know,
As soon's my friend shakes off the snow,
We'll maybe frame another lay,
And end what more we've got to say.

LITTLE JOHN MACANDREW AND THE
LOCHABER RIEVERS.

SOME two hundred years ago, there lived at a place called Dalnahatnich, on the banks of the Dulnan, in Strathspey, an individual of very low stature and dwarfish proportions, known by the name of "Ian-Beag-Mac-Andrea," or Little John MacAndrew. In the days of MacAndrew the use of fire-arms had not entirely superseded that of the bow and arrow, and John's fame has descended to posterity on account of the dexterity and accuracy with which he handled and guided those destructive weapons of ancient warfare. Many instances are recorded of the little man's proficiency in archery, but the great event of his life, and that which subsequently subjected him to many restless days and sleepless nights, is told as follows:—

In some parts of the Highlands, it was in those days an established custom for a bridegroom, with as many followers as he could muster, to make a foraging expedition into the territories of a neighbouring proprietor, and remove from thence all the bestial stock and other spoil they might be able to carry forcibly away. This was considered a necessary provision for the wedding feast, and whoever had not the resolution and courage to conduct and head such an expedition, was to be considered unworthy of a wife, and unfit to provide sufficiently for the requirements of a family.

A gentleman of Lochaber, "Fear Achluachrach,"

(i. e., the laird or tacksman of Achluachrach,) being on the eve of marriage with a maiden of his own country, made a predatory excursion into the Lowlands for the purpose of lifting the "Creach Posaidh," or marriage foray. He invaded the estate of Rose of Kilravock in Nairnshire, and drove away all his best cattle, with which he had reached Croclach, in the braes of Strathdearn, without suffering the least molestation. The freebooters considering themselves safe at this place, and beyond the reach of danger, resolved to rest for the night.

The cattle were accordingly let loose to feed on the rich pastures, for which this glen is celebrated, and the rieviers themselves having slaughtered one of the beeves, fared no less sumptuously.

Meanwhile Kilravock had missed his cattle, and with all the assistance he was able to procure, was now in eager pursuit of the depredators. Rose made a call in passing upon his friend the laird of Kylochic, in Strathdearn, who at once armed and turned out at the head of his servants and retainers, and joined in the pursuit. John MacAndrew happened to be in the employment of Kylochic at the time, and formed one of the party. The little man was considered a valuable acquisition to the force, as, besides his well-known superiority as a marksman, he was well acquainted with the ground which had to be traversed. Just as the sun was disappearing in the western horizon, the diminutive Strathspeyman and the advance guard of Kilravock's following, came in sight of the camp-fires of the Lochabermen, and Kilravock with savage delight beheld his own valuable herds browsing quietly on the green slopes of Croclach.

He was, however, well aware that without a struggle and bloodshed the booty was not to be redeemed, and although his own followers in number far exceeded those of the freebooter, he was by no means ignorant of the warlike character of the race he had to deal with. Kilravock and his advisers on that account felt that the utmost caution in attacking them was necessary, and unless they were to be taken in some measure by surprise, the result might terminate fatally to some of themselves, or, at least, to many of the undisciplined band which they commanded. It was therefore resolved to delay an attack upon the rievvers until the silent hour of midnight, when it was to be supposed they would be less prepared to defend themselves, and a greater chance might exist of escaping the vigilance of the sentries.

This precautionary measure turned out in every way as anticipated—the rievvers had reposed in fancied security, and placed a very inefficient watch, who lay down among the heather and fell fast asleep. At the set time, and in breathless silence, Kilravock and Kylochic led their men towards the camp, and the first warning of their approach the doomed party had, was a shower of arrows falling in their midst, and which pierced the bodies of a few of their number.

Upon the instant the men of Lochaber sprung to action, but the glimmering light of their own fires, and the density of the surrounding darkness, prevented almost any chance of execution on their part, while their assailants from the same causes were doubly favoured. The services of little John MacAndrew were noticed to have been of no mean value. He sought and singled out the chief of the party, which he was able

to distinguish by the superiority of his dress, and when his always well-directed arrow was observed to lodge in the breast of "Fear Achluachrach" Kylochie called out in appreciation of his conduct, "Dia 'us buaidh leat Ian Mhic Andrea bho Dhailnahatnich," (*i. e.*, G—— and victory be with you, John MacAndrew from Dalnahatnich.) John considering this ill-timed compliment on the part of Kylochie, in case that any should escape and bring his name to Lochaber, replied, "Mile Mal-lachd air do theang' Ian Chaim Choileachidh, (*i. e.*, a thousand curses on your tongue, gleyed John of Kylochie.

It is said, that with the exception of the faithless sentry, not a single individual survived to carry the tale to Lochaber, but even he was sufficient to convey the sad intelligence to the disconsolate Bride of Achluachrach, that her betrothed had fallen at Crochlach by the hands of John MacAndrew of Dalnahatnich. As John himself had anticipated at the time, Kylochie so very imprudently made use of his name in the engagement, he was long after obliged to lead a very unsettled life. The friends of Achluachrach had sworn vengeance against the murderer of their kinsman, and made repeated visits to Strathspey for the express purpose of falling in with John MacAndrew. A circumstance, however, that proved on more occasions than one very favourable to John was, that although those blood-hounds had obtained his name and address, the personal appearance of the man was a point upon which they had formed a very erroneous impression. Parties whose dress and language betrayed their country were often seen skulking in the neighbourhood of John's house, but he still con-

tinued to escape their vigilance. At night he slept out, having formed a sort of rustic bed in the top of a widely branching fir tree, which grew in front of his cottage, and at no great distance from the door. One wet and cold afternoon as John sat composedly at his own fireside, and his wife employed herself at baking, there suddenly entered a party of Lochabermen, and roughly enquired if that was the house of John MacAndrew, and if he he was himself at home. The mistress calmly made answer, that they were rightly circumstanced as regarded the house, and that they might have an opportunity of an introduction to the "Gude-man" himself directly. With this she gave poor John a slap on the right cheek, peremptorily ordering him outside to look after the cattle, and if he saw his master to tell him that some gentlemen awaited him in the house. While his wife feigned her hospitality by distributing to the strangers a portion of the newly-baked bannocks, John seemingly not in the best humour slipped slyly towards the door, and upon gaining the outside sprung with the agility of a squirrel, to his perch in the tree, where his bow and arrows were deposited. Having roosted himself firmly in the tree-top, and arranged his arrows in proper order, he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Duine air bith tha g-iarruidh Ian MacAndrea, biodh e mach," (*i. e.*, Any man who wants John MacAndrew, let him be forth.) The party inside heard the summons with quick perception, and instinctively sprung toward the door in the belief that the veritable John MacAndrew was now within their grasp.

One by one they rushed out, but as each appeared John plunged an arrow in his heart, and the last of the

party stumbled and died over the bleeding bodies of his companions.

John obtained the assistance of some of the neighbours to bury the bodies, and, until late years, the graves were pointed out on the bank of the Dulnan. Although our hero never obtained peace with the men of Lochaber, he died a natural death at a good old age, his preservation having, however, no doubt resulted from the very diminutive form of his body, and the excellence to which he attained at use of the bow.

PETER ROY MACGREGOR.

ALL Highland historians and poets make very early mention of the royal Clan Alpine or Macgregor, and the motto of the name, "S Rioghal-mo-Dhream" (Royal is my Family) is highly expressive of the regal descent of the race.

"Sliochd nan Rìghrean dachasach
Bha shìos ann Dunstaphnis
Aig an rodh crùn na h-Alba' o thus
'S aig am beil dachas fathasd ris."

The race of hereditary kings
Who dwelt at Dunstafnage,
To whom at first the crown of Albin belonged
And who have still a claim to it.

The power and extent of territory possessed by the Clan Gregor down to the reign of James the Fourth was

great and extensive. But during the sway of that monarch, the neighbouring clans gained the ascendancy at court, and there the interest of the MacGregors was shaken to the centre. So rapid was their decline and fall that, in the three succeeding reigns, viz., those of James the Fifth, his unfortunate daughter Mary, and her only son James the Sixth, the Chief of the MacGregors and his numerous Clan were proscribed, rendered landless, nay, even nameless, and hunted with blood-hounds like beasts of prey. Being thus deprived of all the privileges and rights of free subjects, the devoted clan was in a manner of necessity compelled to adopt

The simple plan,
That they should take who have the will
And they should keep who can.

The many tales and Gaelic songs, descriptive and commemorative of the adventures and reverses of individual members of this much-persecuted tribe, which are still repeated and sung throughout the Highlands, were sufficient to fill a volume, and from among these are selected the following short account and song of "Peter Roy," otherwise, "Padruig-dònn-an-t-sugraidh, (*i. e.*, Patrick the lovely, and mirthful or gallant.)

The Author has the pleasure of recording, that on the present subject he had the satisfaction of obtaining most part of his information from the mouth of John MacGregor, Esq., Tomintoul, himself the genuine and, as far as known to him, the only representative of that branch of the Clan Alpine to which the celebrated outlaw belonged. Mr MacGregor has inherited from his father and grandfather the cognomen of "Ceann

Tighe," meaning the first or head man of the house or family; and it is most interesting to hear the enthusiastic manner in which the venerable octogenarian discusses the character of his ancestors, and relates the deeds of daring which they performed. The old gentleman, like a true Highlander, is more than ordinarily proud of his lineage, and exults in the idea that although his progenitors were lawless and rough, they were never at any time known to oppress the widow, the needy, or the unprotected.

But to return from this digression, Mr MacGregor affirms that "Padruig-dònn-an-t-sugraidh" was full cousin to "Ian dubh Gearr," alias "John Dugar," part of whose history has been given in the "Legend of Tulloch," in a former portion of this work. They had, at or about the same time, left their own country "for their country's good," and sojourned for a lengthened period among the wilds of Strathspey and the Highlands of Banffshire. From these fastnesses they would occasionally descend with a band of reckless followers to the low country for plunder, and were at length in the habit of levying "black mail" from the inhabitants, but at no time did they manifest any very serious concern as to the amount or means of protection they were to award in return.

The town of Keith being favourably situated at the entrance to the Highlands, had very often the honour of forming the rendezvous or head-quarters of the lawless band when on their predatory expeditions. From thence they would issue forth, and with the greatest effrontery pounce upon the property, or attack the dwelling-houses, of the gentlemen or more wealthy

farmers in the neighbourhood. Although it was acknowledged that they were at times capable of performing actions of the most generous and honourable nature, their excesses in the opposite direction being of rather too frequent occurrence, had at length roused the indignation of the populace against them.

A determination was accordingly come to, if possible, to have their leader apprehended and given over to justice. Peter Roy and his band having one evening arrived at Keith, took up their quarters at the house of public entertainment, and held roistering wassail for the night. Information of the landing of the freebooters was expeditiously circulated through the town and neighbourhood, and the servant girl, who attended upon them, and understood Gaelic, was instructed to keep an open ear to their conversation, and discover as much as possible of the arrangement of their plans for next day. Among these she had heard a proposal made, and applauded by the company, that the landlord should be hung in the morning, as the easier and better plan for accounting the reckoning with him. Active preparations were made by the inhabitants during the night, and it was concerted that an attack should be made upon the public-house at break of day, and the capture of Peter Roy effected at all hazards. Meanwhile the unsuspecting party had indulged in a reckless debauch, and towards morning were in anything but a competent state for exerting themselves in the impending onset. To add to the otherwise well-organised means prepared for their discomfiture, the treacherous waiting maid had contrived to pour a quantity of *raw sowens* into the barrels of their fire-arms, by which the powder became

damped, and was thus rendered of no effect. At the appointed hour the church bell was set a-ringing, which was the first warning MacGregor and his party had of their danger. They instantly sprang to their arms and sallied forth, but found the house guarded in every direction by a multitude of armed men. The Highlanders showed a bold front, and resolved to force their way through the crowd, but their guns refused fire, and they had despairingly to give up all hope of even an honourable retreat. Thus was the redoubtable and valiant Peter Roy MacGregor overcome and conquered, and, being kept in strict confinement, was soon after, under a strong guard, conveyed to Edinburgh to receive sentence and punishment for his numerous crimes and misdemeanours.

This noted freebooter terminated his desperate career in the hands of justice, and the following song is said to have been composed by him between the time of his apprehension and execution. In the opening stanzas he exposes and condemns the drunken revelry which led to his capture being so easily effected, and then alludes to the ineffective nature of fire-arms as compared with the broadsword, from the want of which favourite weapon he had to suffer the affront of being taken, without bringing low even a single individual of his captors. He afterwards insinuates that if the desperate nature of his case was to be made generally known, many were to be found who would interest themselves in his behalf, and that many a high-bred maiden would willingly render a contribution for the purpose of securing his ransom. One of these is particularised as living in Strathspey, and who would quickly forward "a hun-

dred crowns " (not a trifling amount in those days,) towards his release. His great popularity among the fair sex has been accounted for by the fact of his bearing a mole on one of his temples, which, if once viewed by the eye of beauty, the beholder became an instant captive to passionate love. In the two concluding verses a forcible appeal is made to his namesake and friend, "Iain dubh," or John Dugar, for the purpose of instigating him to every exertion that might operate in favour, or tend to the rescue, of the secured criminal.

SONG OF PETER ROY MACGREGOR.

" Mile mallachd do 'n òl
 'S marig dheanadh dheth pòit
 Se mo mhealladh gu mòr thuair mi.
 Mo mhallachd do 'n dràm
 Chuir an daorach na 'm cheann
 Nuar ghlac iad 'sa 'n Airde-tuath mi.
 Mu 'n d-fhuar mi bhith mach
 'Us bhith am airm gu ceart
 Bha rag mheirlich nan cearchd mu 'n cuairt dhomh.
 Bha trì fichead 'us trèir
 Ga mo ruidh 'n aon lùb
 Gus na bhuain iad mo luth 'us mo luathas 'uam.
 Bidh mo mhallachd gu brath
 Air a Gbunna air son airn
 An deigh a mhealladh 'us an sàr thuair mi.
 Ged fhaighinnsa dhomh fein
 Làn buaile do spreidh
 Bànsa Claidheamh na 'm sgeithe 'sa 'n uair ud.
 Naile is mise tha fodh naire
 Gu na ghlac iad mi slàn
 'Us nach tug mi fear bàn na ruagh dhuigh.
 Ach na rodh fios mi bhith an sàs
 Gun an duil rith fuasgail gu brath
 'S lionmhor ghabhadh mo phairte 'sa 'n uair so.

'S iomadh maighdean ghlan 'ur
Chluinta faram a gùin
Chuireadh crùn gu m' fhuasgail.

Gu bheil tè dhuigh an Srathspea
'Us na rodh fios aice fein
Grad chuireadh i ceud gu luath dhuigh.

Ach Iain Duibh tog ort
'Us thoir nadh 'fhaodas 'u leat
Agus cuimhnich bheart bu dual dhuit.

Or na 'm bidh-adh-tusa fo 'ghlas
Agus mise bhith as
Naile chumain mo chàs glae luaineach."

The following is an excerpt from "Arnot's Criminal Trials," in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and although the details do not altogether conform to the popular and more romantic version of the freebooter's history as traditionally reported, no doubt can exist but both accounts refer to one and the same person:—

"1667.—Patrick Roy MacGregor, for theft, sorning, wilful fire-raising, robbery, and murder.

"Patrick Roy Macgregor, by his activity, courage, and cruelty, had rendered himself the most celebrated of a formidable band of robbers that long infested the Highlands. It consisted of about forty persons, whose style of life had nourished a strength and activity of body, and a cruelty of disposition, displayed in wanton outrages against the feelings of others, yet accompanied with a fortitude that bore, without shrinking, the pinching of cold and hunger, and the torture of the executioner. Lachlan Macintosh, the captain of this band, about a year preceding, had finished his course in the hands of justice. The prisoner, who succeeded to the command, was a man of robust make, but diminutive stature. The red hair, which grew thick over all his body, indicated his strength, while it added to his ugliness, and got him the name of Roy. His stern features bespoke ferocity; his keen red eyes, and nose like the eagle's beak, heightened the terrors of his countenance, and, both at his examination and execution, he bore an uncommon severity of torture with a patience and fortitude which excited astonishment.

"This banditti had committed violent depredation on the lands of John Lyon of Muireisk, for which Macintosh, the captain, had

been apprehended and executed, and the prisoner declared an outlaw, and 'a commission of fire and sword' issued out against him. In resentment of these proceedings, the prisoner and his associates plundered the lands of Bellchirries, the property of Lyon of Muiresk. Lyon defended his house of Bellchirries against the assault of these robbers till the 30th April, 1666, when they surrounded the house, brought straw and corn from the barn-yard, piled them around the mansion, and set the whole in flames. The proprietor and his son, a lad of about eighteen years of age, were glad to come out of the house on a capitulation with the robbers, who promised them their lives. Having got possession of the house, the robbers carried off the furniture and fire-arms, horses and cattle, belonging to Mr Lyon, to the hills of Abernethy, about sixteen miles distant. They also carried the gentleman and his son prisoners, and, regardless of the articles of capitulation, murdered both father and son, leaving their bodies in a field, pierced with redoubled wounds. The prisoner and his banditti, to the number of forty, proceeded next to assault the borough of Keith, levied contributions on the town, and fought with all who opposed them. In this assault, however, Roy was so severely wounded as to be unable to make his escape. Next day he was apprehended, and was escorted under a strong guard to the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

"On the 25th of March he was brought to trial, and a complete proof being led of his manifold crimes, he was sentenced to be taken on the 27th of that month to the cross of Edinburgh, his right hand to be cut off, and then to be hanged till he be dead, and his body to be hung in chains on the gallows between Leith and Edinburgh. The executioner mangled him so shockingly in the discharge of his duty that he was turned out of office."

THE BLACK WATCH: MACPHERSON OF BALOURIE. AND GRANT OF BADADOSSAN.

"In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come,
The Romans endeavoured our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain."

An 'n eaidh nan Gaidheal, le teine-cogaidh na Roimh,
 O bheantaichean Albainn' thainig sinn,
 'Shoail le na Rommanaich 'ur dachas thoirte uainn,
 Ach chogadh ar sinnsearra 'us chogadh iad le buadh.

THE renewed noble conduct and glorious achievements of the Highland Regiments have of recent years gained the admiration of the world. The annals of the Crimean war bear testimony to the eminent services of a "Highland Brigade," and the sultry shores of the Ganges have witnessed the distinguished bravery of that battalion of the British army who bear on their colours the emphatic Gaelic motto, "Cuidich an Rìgh," (Assist the King.) While every true-hearted son of Caledonia cannot but exult in the idea of the *esprit de corps* being so well maintained in those famous regiments, it is at the same time matter of deep reflection that real Highlanders are now no longer to be obtained to replenish their ranks, and that by far the greater part of the descendants of the brave men who originally and exclusively composed the "Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch, exist not among their native mountains, but are now settled among the back-woods of America, or spread over the yet hardly explored regions of Australia—

" Biad na h-uachdarain gòrach
 Chuir am fuaradh fodh' an srònaibh,
 Bhreis muineal Rìgh Deorsa, nuar dh-fogradh na Ga-el."

i. e.,

How foolish the Rulers that forced them to stray,
 And broke the strength of King George when the Gael
 went away.

By the wise and energetic counsel of the great Chat-ham, the penalties and restrictions imposed upon the

Highlanders for their accession to the rebellion of 1745, were withdrawn, and that brave and hardy race of men were again restored to the confidence and favour of the Government. This just and politic measure was followed by a general desire on the part of the clans to display their gratitude and loyalty by offering their services to the Ministry at a time when the country was considerably embarrassed by the defection of her colonies, and the combined hostility of her continental enemies. Under these circumstances the offers from the Highlands were readily accepted, and numerous clan regiments were forthwith embodied, but the great ambition among the young men of the north was to get inlisted into the 42d Royal Highlanders, or Black Watch.

The decided preference thus given to the famous "Forty-twa" arose from its being the first to assume the tartan, and the many glorious actions which had early been associated with the name and number of the regiment. Historians and poets had singled it out as the theme of unqualified laudations, and aspirants after military glory conceived that the best and real honours of war were only to be obtained in connection with the ever glorious "Reismaid Dubh." This having been the general state of feeling as regarded this distinguished corps, it long remained matter of no difficulty to procure a selection of the very finest recruits for the several companies, and the strength of the regiment was, in consequence, invariably composed of men who entertained the highest sense of honour. An uncommon amount of fraternisation existed among the soldiers, and bonds of friendship contracted in the 42d continued entire during the after lives of the parties. Of this descrip-

tion was the acquaintance of Aneas Macpherson and John Grant, or, as they were more familiarly known, "Aonghas Balourie" and "Iain Bad-an-dossan." Macpherson joined the regiment before he had attained to manhood, and when only well up in his teens. On this account he became known among his comrades as "An Guillan," (*i.e.*, The Youth). In a few years, however, the YOUTH grew up to be a MAN, and that too in every sense of the word, for he ultimately acquired the championship of his regiment, and was generally acknowledged as the first man in all feats of manly and pugilistic exercises. Grant was likewise an able-bodied man, and of a fierce and unbending disposition, but on all occasions he was ready to yield the palm to Macpherson, although he would be inclined to do the same to few others. Grant having obtained his discharge from the regiment, returned to his native Strath, where he settled, and became the landlord of an inn, while his friend Macpherson still remained to fight the battles of his country. The latter was a meritorious soldier, and, in course, rose to the rank of a commissioned officer.

Several years had elapsed, and Macpherson having obtained a furlough, visited the Highlands, and formed the resolution of making an early and unexpected call upon his old friend and companion-in-arms. He travelled on foot, and arrived at the door of Badadossan's house in the dusk of the evening. Mine host of the inn was at the moment enjoying a quiet tumbler in the company of a few boon companions, and relating to them some adventures of his military life, when the conversation was interrupted by a stentorian voice bawling out, "Am beil mac na b—h Iain Badadossan steach?"

i.e., Is that son of a b—h John Badandossan within? The spirited old veteran was by no means the man to let such an insulting address pass without attempt at retaliation, and in a boiling rage sprang towards the door for the purpose of inflicting personal chastisement upon the offender. In the darkness Grant had no opportunity of knowing the appearance of his man, but coming in contact with him upon the threshold, he, with the spirit of a true Highlander, at once attacked him. Macpherson made no apology or explanation, and for a while an arduous struggle took place. The stranger good-humouredly acted upon the defensive principle, and when he had gained his opportunity, by a dexterous and scientific movement of the body, he whirled Badandossan to a considerable distance, and landed him in a filthy cesspool that lay in front of the house. Grant was naturally a good deal disconcerted at the position matters had thus assumed, and while in the act of rising and shaking himself, exclaimed, “Co an D—— b urradh sud dheanamh mar eil Guilleann na Reismaid dubh air tighinn dhachaidh,” (*i.e.*, Who the d— could have done it unless the *youth* of the 42d has come home.) Macpherson explained that he had judged rightly; that he had come home, and begged to apologise for his conduct. A cordial recognition took place, and they were instantly the best friends in the world. They enjoyed each other's company for a few days, and “fought their battles o'er again.”

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

LADY Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, was wife of Alexander, fourth Duke of that name, and one of the most famous women of the age in which she lived. Amid the gaieties of the court of the Sovereign she shone pre-eminent, and upon the lands where the potent sway of her family existed, she obtained a popularity not to be surpassed. She did more in procuring army and other appointments for deserving young men than perhaps did ever any other person of rank connected with the north. When in a few weeks a whole regiment of soldiers could be raised on the Gordon estates, the influence of her Grace became apparent. She attended fairs and country meetings, and the intrinsic value of the enlistment-money was considerably enhanced by the promise of "a kiss from the Duchess of Gordon." She was peculiarly clever and fascinating in conversation, and many of her witty remarks have been handed down to posterity. Her Grace was particularly fond of the Highlands and of the Highland people in her lifetime, and she had a desire in death not to be separate from them. She pointed out a spot on the banks of the Spey at Kinrara, where she wished her body to be interred, and a monument with a lengthened inscription is there seen to mark her grave, and denote certain passages of her eventful history.

The following is from "The Book of Scottish Song," where it is marked as being the composition of the Rev.

Mr Allardice, of Forgue. It is here given with a translation in Gaelic, as, apart from its poetic merit, it is highly descriptive of the true character of this estimable and celebrated woman :—

“ Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,
And softly waves the weeping willow,
Where beauty's faded charms repose,
And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.
Her smile who sleeps in yonder glade
Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
When fashion's airy train she led,
And formed the dance's frolic measure.

When war called forth our youth to arms,
Her eye inspired each martial spirit,
Her heart, too, felt the Muses' charms,
And gave the meed to modest merit :
But now farewell ! fair northern star,
Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten—
No more lead forth our youth to arms—
No more the rural pastimes brighten.

Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn,
Her vales, which thou wert wont to gladden,
Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
And grief the minstrel's music sadden.
And oft amid the festive scene,
While pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,
Laid low beneath Kinrara's willow.

TRANSLATION.

Tha ann 'n Ceann-rà-ra an ròs fo' bhlath,
'S an seileach allidh luasgadh thairis,
Far na chaidil sgiamh na 'm buaidh,
'S greadhnachas 'sa'n uaigh gun charach,
A miog-shuil tha gun tuar 'sa'n uir,
'S tric dhuìsg an cridhe gu' aiteas,
Am fasan uasal 's tric a stiuir,
'Us an dambsa' le sùnd aig cuirm na pailteas.

'Nuair ghairm an cath ar 'n oig gu gnoimh,
Se a suil a lion gach inntinn ghaisgeant,
Mhothaich a tuigse cheolraidh reidh,
'S mheas i cleachdan aoidheil macanta ;

Ach soraidh lèat a reull-an-iul,
 Do ghnuis ni's mo'cha shoillsich Talla',
 Ar 'n oig gu cath ni's mo' cha stiuir,
 'Us 'ur 'sugradh-duthaich cha chuir dheth smalan.

Bidh Alba fàd caoidh gu 'n d-éug,
 I 's tric rinn eibhin a glinn dosrach,
 Neo-shundach dubhach bidh gar rè,
 'S fuaim luchd-theud cha bhi' ach dor'nach.
 'S gu tric 'n comunn-graidh an t-sluaigh,
 'N uair mheall's toil-inntinn suain gun bhreislich,
 Bidh osna ar son Shine na 'm buaidh,
 An Ceann-ra-ra fo' chrann uaine an t'seilich.

TRANSLATION OF BURNS'S BONNIE JEAN,

ADAPTED TO THE ORIGINAL AIR.

DETH na h-uile taobh o 'n seid a ghaoth,
 'S rodh chaomh luim fein an taobh shuas,
 Oir 's ann tha mhaighdean bhoidheach tamh,
 Dha modha' mo ghradh' sa 'n uair :
 Ged tha beanntan pailt 'us aibhne' luath,
 'S coilltibh uaine cìn,
 An toabh bhos dhisa tha rùn mo chridh,
 Gach oidh'ch a's la aig Shine.

'S leir dhomh a samhla' air madain dhriuchd,
 'Sa gach flur is allidh fiamh,
 'Se guth binn 'ar luim bhi' freagradh dhomh,
 Ann 'n ceillearan na 'n eun,
 Cha neil flùran 'g eiridh suas,
 Mu ghlaic no uain-uisg' mìn,
 Na eunan beag chluinte luim,
 Nach cuimhnich dhomhs' mo Shine.

O ghaothean dheiseal seidibh cuin,
 Measg chomhdach dlu' na'n craobh,
 'S deanibh an t-seilean gleusta 'stiuir,
 Dheth a chursa air feadh na'n raon,

'S thugibh dhacheadh chaileag dhomhsa,
Tha cuimeir boidheach grinn,
Aon sheal' dheth 'm luaidh ni am churam ruaig,
Cho buadhail tha mo Shine.

'S tric bha mi brosguil's mamhran blath,
Air sgàth na 'n cnochd ri',
'S bu mhulladach an dealachdean,
'An oidh'ch fhag i an tir.
Aig na cumha chdaibh is aird fein amhain,
Tha raighladh 'os ar cinn,
Tha fios nach eil te eil' sa' 't-saoghail,
Cho chaomh luim ri Shine.

PARODY ON "O' A' THE AIRTS, &c."*

O' A' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the north,
For there are lads baith blithe and braw,
The wyle o' sense and worth.
And lasses fair, wi' heavenly air,
That every heart enchant,
And sic a race as this you'll trace
In a' the name o' Grant.

In southern climes let others stray
By burnie, brae, or grove,

* These were the composition of the late Robert Grant, Esq., Rothiemoon, Strathspey, who was the author of many more pieces of merit, both in English and Gaelic. Mr Grant was one of a family of five sons, all enthusiastic clansmen, and two of whom, like himself, are now no more, but were respectively distinguished for their talents in the office of the holy ministry, and in the medical department of the army.

Gi'e me the lang and mirthsome day,
 'Mong Highlan' hills to rove.
 Tho' tempests lower, a cannie hour
 At e'en ye ne'er can want,
 And aye ye'll find a welcome kind
 Beneath the roof o' Grant.

Nae meikle goud, nae meikle gear,
 Nae titles proud I crave,
 I wouldna be a Gartered Peer,
 I wouldna be a slave.
 But be my lot a Hielan' cot,
 Wi' scrip ne'er fu' nor scant,
 'Mong friends' sae free as heart can be,
 Just like the Laird o' Grant.

TRANSLATION.

DETH na h-uile toabh, o'n seid a ghaoth,
 Se'n Airde-Tuath, mo mhiann
 'N sin tha laoichridh thug bàr,
 'N seadh an gradh a's an sgiamh,
 A's caileagean tha aoidheil tlath,
 Thaladh a chridhe 'sa gach am,
 Se lheithid sin do chineal ait,
 Gu chleachd bhi sloinne Grand.

Biodh each aig iomrall fad mu dheas,
 'N taobh tobar, bruach na allt,
 Thoir dhomhas an la fad ach ait,
 Measg na'n Gaidheal a's na'n gleann,

Ged dh-eiradh stoirmean falibh an sion,
 A's bidh fasgadh feadh na'm beann,
 A's gheibh sibh beatha a's caidreamh thaghte,
 Fo uachdar Chaisteal Grannd.

Or na earras cha neil 'uaim,
 Ni mo tha urram ard,
 Bhi 'm ard Iarla 's mi nach iaradh,
 'S cha b-'mhiann luim bhi' ma thraill,
 Ach bhi' thamh ann 'm bothan glan,
 Le sporran gun lann na gann,
 Measg na'n cairdean chaoimhneil sin,
 A's cho saor xi' Tighearna Grannd.

RUIDHLE MOR SHRATHSPEA.

O Phadruig Bhàn,* seid suas gu brais,
 Se do shiunnsair grad chuir sinn air chas,
 Strann suas gach crann a 's thoir dhuinn le blas,
 Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

Cluich Tulachgorm righ na 'm port,
 Na Tulaichean a 's Drochaid Pheart,
 A 's damhsidh sinn le 'ur uile neart,
 Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

* Padruig Bàn—Peter Bane, a celebrated bagpipe and violin player in Abernethy, Strathspey.

Droch-shuibhail air Jigs, Quadrilles, and Waltz,
Tha pessanean toirt nall a France,
God save the Queen—she likes to dance,
Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

Faic 'n sud air feur na faiche,
Daoine a 's mnathan còr gun 'spraic,
Leum a 's clabadich na 'm bas,
Aig Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

Faic na gilleaen cridheil òg,
Stri ri caileagean ma 'm pòg,
A's le aigheara leum ris as'm brog.
Gu Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

A's na caileagean tha aoidheil tlath,
Mire, manran a's fala'dha',
A's meal cridhe fear na dha,
Aig Ruidhle mor Shrathspea.

Ach Phadruig Bhàn 's math, math rinn sibhse,
A's tha sinn gle sgith Fhir dh-orduich mise,
Cuir cuach ga luath mu'n cuairt nis,
Do *dheirgean* glan Shrathspea.

And let us break up with a toast,
A's Phadruig cuirsa phiob na closta,
Hip! hip! hurra! our noble host,
Iarla mor Shrathspea.

SKETCHES OF BRAEMAR AND ITS INHABITANTS.

When the murderous rifles in the corries resound,
And the great ones of England in the Highlands abound,
When Royalty lives on the banks of the Dee,
The valleys of Mar be sacred to me.

THIS district of country forms an extensive forest in the centre of the Grampians. It anciently belonged to the Kings of Scotland, and was called the Royal Forest of Mar, or Sylva Caledonia. It has now become, on account of the annual presence of the Court of the Sovereign in the neighbourhood, the principal point of attraction to tourists in Scotland, and the many interesting associations connected with the district, the various objects of historical interest, and the numerous scenes of true Highland character to be there seen and explored, render Braemar a favourite resort of strangers.

In 1691, Erskine of Mar and Gordon of Huntly raised an army to deny William access to Scotland. William's forces, under General MacKay, marched to Braemar, and gave them battle, vanquished them, and burnt the castle of Braemar. (Pennant's Tour through Scotland.)

In 1714 Her Majesty Queen Anne resigned her life, and the nobles of Scotland rose in arms to place James on the throne, while the English Lords were resolute for inaugurating the Prince of Hanover. The collisions of mind kindled into a flame that proved destructive to Scotland. The Earl of Mar, Viscount Kenmure, and the Earls of Carnwath and Nithsdale, collected a corps of 20,000 men, marched to Braemar, and fixed the

Standard of Scotland, proclaiming the Chevalier de St George by the name and title of James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England, on the 6th Sept., 1715 (Rudiments of Honour, vol. 3.)

The castle of Kindrocket, now a heap of ruins, was erected for a hunting seat by Malcolm Ceanmore in 1059, and the present castle of Braemar was built by Government after the revolution, from the ruins of the Earl of Mar's castle, for the purpose of quartering a military force stationed there to crush the seeds of rebellion in the country. Towards the end of the 18th century its use as a barracks was discontinued, and it is now the property of Farquharson of Invercauld, and is occupied only by the Friendly Society of Braemar during their Grand Annual Gatherings.

From Braemar may be ascended the lofty Benmacdui, otherwise Ben-MacDuff, if not the highest, the second in elevation of all the Scottish mountains, and also Lochnagar, rendered famous by the classical muse of Byron.

Lofty and wild as the spirit who sung thee,
Thou raisest thy peaks o'er the hills of Braemar,
While the harp that with classical honours has hung thee,
Lies mute and unstrung in a land that's afar.

Oh ! why was that big heart with anguish so wounded
As to drive him from thee, Caledonia, so far,
By "sea-born Salamis" the harp had long sounded,
That hallowed the valleys of "dark Lochnagar."

Black bigotry long had her mantle unveiled,
With beauty, with genius, and poetry at war ;
But she never could hide from the eyes of the world,
The beauties of Byron and "dark Lochnagar."

The other objects of most interest in the neighbourhood are "Càrn a Chuimhne," or the Cairn of Remembrance,

—the old battle-cry of the Highlanders of Strathdee—the Falls of the “Garbh Allt,” or rough burn—the Falls of Corriemulzie and Quoich, and the Linn of Dee.

The natives are generous, open hearted, and courteous to strangers, and have retained a few of the peculiarities which distinguished their ancestors, when the following account of the usages of the time and manners of the inhabitants was written :—

“Here the gentlemen assemble to pursue the chace, during the season of sport and hilarity. In 1528, at a hunting in this forest, appeared the Hon. and Noble Lords and Courtiers of his Majesty James V. John Erskine, Earl of Mar ; James Stuart, Earl of Moray ; George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntly ; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan ; and John Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar ; Sir William Murray of Abercarney, with their Countesses and Ladies, attended by hundreds of Knights and Esquires, all and every man in general in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality.

“During the month of August, and part of September, the Nobles pursued the sport in the valley of Braemar, where they conformed themselves to the habit of the Highlanders, who for the most part speak the Celtic tongue ; and in former times, were those people which were called the Redshanks. Their habit is shoes with but one sole a piece, called Brogues ; stockings, which they call short hose, made of warm stuff of divers colours, which they call Tartans ; breeches are worn by few—in their stead they use a jerkin of the same colour with the hose, called a Philabeg, or kilt ; their garters are twisted bands of straw or hay, with a piece of cloth about their shoulder, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, called a Plaid ; with flat blue caps on their heads, called Bonnets ; a handkerchief knit with two knots about their necks, complete their garb. Their weapons for the chace are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, musquets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms they proceed to the hunt : any man, of what degree soever, that comes among them, must not disdain their attire, for if he does, they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs ; but if a visitor be kind unto them, and conform to their manners, then they are filled with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful.”

The proprietors are the Earl of Fife and Farquharson of Invercauld. The families of each are held in the highest estimation by their tenantry and dependants. The ancient and honourable descent of the former noble family, and the character they have obtained for hospitality, beneficence and kindly feeling, is too much a subject of national history to render necessary any special notice in this humble work. Long may they retain their distinguished honours ! and

Long may that name be sacred and dear
To the poor and oppressed in our far northern land !
And never may glens set apart for the deer
Prevent Fife from mustering a firm-attached band !

The origin and descent of the Farquharson Family are thus given in "Buchanan's Rise of the Clans :"—

"Farquharson, a numerous clan on the banks of the Dee, who trace their origin from the German Catti, or Clan Chattan. Macduff, Thane of Fife, their Phylarchae, had an ancestor named Sheagh or Shaw Macduff, second son to Constantine, third Earl of Fife, and great grand-child to Duncan Macduff, last Thane, and first Earl of Fife. This Sheagh was Captain under Malcolm IV. on the expedition against the Murrays of the Province of Murray, in A.D. 1163. For his valour, Malcolm made him Governor of Inverness Castle, and gave him the lands of Peaty, Brachley, with the Forest of Strath-erin, which belonged to the rebels. The country people on his descent gave him the name Macintosh, or Thane's Son, which continued to his progeny, yet some of them claimed the name of Shaw. One of them was Shaw of Rothiemurchus, whose offspring settled in Strathdee, and were named Farquharson. From Ferquhard Shaw, the eldest son of this family, are the Farquharsons of Invercauld, Inverey, Monaltrie, &c."

WRITTEN AT CASTLETOWN OF BRAEMAR.

THE Castleton's a bonnie toon,
O' naething does it want,
And at the time the Queen is doon,
The money's never scant ;
The stranger, when he reaches here,
Though it were after dark,
Will readily admitted be
By Barclay or by Clark ;
Their food and fire will meet desire,
Their bedding first of order,
Their drink the best that is possessed
This side the English border.
Right lovely creatures are the waiters,
Obliging, frank, and clean,
And after a' the charge is sma',
Compared wi' Aberdeen.

There's mony excellent sights to see,
And knowing chiefs to guide you,
The Castle and the Linn o' Dee,
And many mair beside 'em ;
A Church Established and a Free,
A Roman Catholic Chapel,
And Reverend Gents for a' the three,
Religion's truths to grapple.
If dress you'll want, reach Robbie Grant,
He'll deck you out in style,
And Aitken Highland Brogues can make,
Will rough it for a while.

And if to fish you have a wish,
P— G— will choose your fly,
Tobacco, snuff, most sorts of stuffs,
He'll cheerfully supply.

Little Grant will neatly shoe
Your pony for the hill,
Or Saunders just as well can do't,
Providing there's a gill.
Buns and biscuits Innes bakes,
And sweetmeats to your will,
And ye can have raw liver steaks
From Geordie at the Mill.
Sweet maidens fair wi' heavenly air,
And carriage frank and free,
Will here and there your heart ensnare,
On either side the Dee.
And now I judge ye winna grudge
To journey from afar,
To see the Queen and live serene
A short while in Braemar.

COLONEL ROY STUART.

JOHN Roy Stuart, commonly called Colonel Roy Stuart, was a native of Kincardine, in Strathspey. His ancestor, Walter, Baron of Kincardine, was son of the Earl of Buchan and Lord of Badenoch, son of Robert

the Second of Scotland. The Barony continued in the family during ten descents, and was lost by the grandfather of Colonel Roy, who was cheated out of his estate by the intrigues of a brother-in-law, called the Sheriff Baue, when Kincardine became the property of the noble family of Gordon. John Roy's father had contracted a second marriage with a daughter of one of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, who had attained the fiftieth year of her age when she brought into the world her only child, the future famous poet and soldier. Stuart early displayed poetical talents of a high order, and as he added to these a fine address, and a noble and commanding form of body, he had at the era in which he lived no difficulty in bringing himself into notice, and obtaining honourable employment. He was accordingly appointed to a commission in a cavalry regiment, in which he served for a time with distinction, until a vacancy occurring in the command of a company of the Royal Highlanders, which he solicited, but being superseded by another gentleman in that appointment, he deserted from his own regiment, went over to France, and fought against the British in Flanders. When in 1745 his royal namesake landed in Scotland for the purpose of regaining the crown of his ancestors, Roy Stuart again visited his native country, joined the standard of the Prince at Edinburgh, and obtained the command of a regiment.

He was generally acknowledged to be one of the best swordsmen of his day, and his various martial exploits and deeds of daring practised during the time of the Rebellion, and previous to his subsequent escape into France, are indelibly recorded upon the pages of Jacob-

ite history. His songs on the progress and results of the Rebellion, some of which have been elegantly translated, and appear in a recent work by Dr Rogers of Stirling, breathe the most deeply-rooted hatred to the "Butcher," Cumberland, and he insinuates in the most direct terms motives of vile treachery on the part of Lord George Murray, while the brightest anticipations of the return of the Stuarts, and a just retaliation for every wrong, is set forth in the most glowing language.

Two nephews of John Roy, "Domhnall Breachd" (Donald the pox-pitted), and "Seumas a' Chnuic" (James of the Knock—from a farm in Kincardine of that name), fought with him at Culloden. The former being wounded on the field, was taken prisoner, and afterwards effected his escape from the prison of Inverness, and fled to France. The latter being at the time a mere youth, was less noticeable in the eyes of the Government, and ventured to remain in his own country. A daughter of his, Mrs Ross, Schoolhouse, Kincardine, still survives, and is the last representative of her race. The venerable lady is nearly 90 years of age.

In the face of a rocky eminence called Craigourie, in Kincardine, is "Uaimh Iain Rhuaidh," (*i. e.*, John Roy's Cave)—which formed his hiding place while hunted for by the Royal forces after the defeat at Culloden, and the following, evidently a paraphrase on part of the 27th Psalm, was composed by him at that time:—

JOHN ROY STEWART'S PSALM.

"The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
With dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
 He's always good to me,
 Though red-coats come a thousand more,
 Afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
 And drain the lochs all dry ;
 Though they the rocks do overturn,
 And change the course of Spey :

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
 Nay, seek me under ground ;
 Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
 John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo ! here's a mark,
 He's gracious and kind,
 When they like fools hunt in the dark,
 Like moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
 They saw not where I stood,
 The Lord's my shade and hiding place,
 He's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
 Through land, and air, and sea,
 That all with wonder plain, may hear,
 How good the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
 And dance upon my stumps,
 A fine new tune to it I'll raise,
 And play it on my trumps."

The following is the most popular of John Roy's songs. It is sung to the tune of " Maggie Lauder," and, from the nature of the composition, hardly admits of translation :

ORAN BHRANNDaidh.

MILE marbhaisg air a ghoraich,
 'S mairg a dh' oladh branndaidh,
 Lionaidh e lan gaoith a's bosd sinn,
 'S mor a bhios do chainnt uime ;

'S ionunn sin 's mur dh' eirich dhomsa,
 Rinn mi ol 'sa ghleann so ;
 'S ann a leig e air mo bhuairleadh,
 'S bhuail e anns a cheann mi.

Ciod sa 'm bith a mhathas mise,
 Do dhaoine glise coire ;
 Cha mhathainn bheag idir do bhalach,
 Ged bhiodh earras mor aige ;
 Cha mhathainn mhac bodaich mo bhualadh,
 Ged bhiodh buaille bho aige ;
 Gloir do 'n Rìgh tha air a Chathair,
 Gu 'n d' thug e paidhir dhorn domh.

Cia mar dh' fhaodainn gun dol thairis,
 Lion a chaile ghorach ;
 Tri dramachan gun fharruid,
 Thairis air a choir domh ;
 'S cha bhuidheach thi mi do na balaich,
 Lion iad lan an stoip dhomh ;
 Fhuair mi sud gu m' chuir am chabhaig,
 Agus gloine bheorach.

Shaoil iad nach b' urainn mi ceartach',
 Carachadh no tionndadh ;
 Ach gur math thug mise an aire,
 Do 'n chainnt bh' aig balla 'n teampuill ;
 Chunnaic mi ann na mnathan,
 'S tharruing mi gle theann orra ,
 'S e theireadh gach te dhiu ag radh,
 'S maireg ait am bi an-t-antlachd.

'S maireg a rachadh dh' iarruidh cairdeas,
 Paighe no gealltnas ;
 Air cuid do mhnathan Chinnichairdin,
 'S nàr leam bhi cainnt orra ,
 'Nuair is mo bheir mi ghradh dhoibh,
 'B' fhearr leo gu 'm biodh àm aca ;
 Air scian bhi reiteacha' mo mhionach,
 Ge milis ni iad cainnt rium.

'S diombach tha mi do na mearlaich
 Mu 'n phairt thng iad domhsa ;
 De 'n iom thainig air an truinnseir,
 'Sa 'n fheoil shailte roiste ;

O 'n bha mi fhein am ghiullan narach,
 Cha d' fhuair mi lan mo bheoil d' i ;
 Bha iadsan chuide na 'n lonaibh.
 Mar gu 'm bu chonaibh mor iad.

C' uime an deanainn fhein an ceilach,
 'S ro mbath b' aithne dhomhs' iad ;
 Iain Ruagh Stiubhart mo charaid,
 Ceannaich Muileann an Loine ;
 'S barail leann nach do ghabh e' n deideadh,
 'S ro mliath 'n deudach bheoil th' aige ;
 Dh' fhag mi iad turamanaich le cheile,
 Aig Seumus Mac antoisich.

Ach gur diombach a tha mise,
 Air na daoine bh' air an adhlacadh,
 Nach do rinn iad mis a cheangal,
 'S mo sparradh ann an alldan,
 No nach d' fhag iad mi 's tigh *sheinnse*,
 Glaiste ann am panntraidh ;
 Mu 'n do leig iad anns a ghaoith mi,
 'Sa mheud s' bha chaothach cainnt orm.

Ach ged bhithinns 'n deigh caithris,
 Teas a's fallas damhsa ,
 A dhaoine bheil sibhse am barail,
 Ged dh' olainn galan branndaidh ;
 Gu bheil do dhaoine anns a bhaile,
 Na chuireadh thairis mi do m' antoil ;
 Ach 's eiginn domh aideacha' a nis,
 Gu 'n robh misg orm aon-uair

FRAGMENT OF SONG BY JOHN ROY TO HIS
 SWEETHEART.

(*Never before Published.*)

'S TRIC mi smuaineach,
 Air a ghruagach dhag mi,

'S tric mi cadal a's bruadar,
Mas gluais i le pog mi ;
Och ! Mhuire mo thruaighe
Nach truaigh leibh mar tha mi,
Mise an so 'n Duneidin,
A 's ise an Strathspea le mo phaisdean.

Gar am faic mi 'm bliadhna i,
Ma chum'sa mi mo shlainte,
Cha bhi' mo chaileag 'sa gun an tochradh,
A's airgiod an COFFER na Spainne ;
Ma gheibh mise COMMISSION
Cha mhiste ise air mo lamh e,
Cia mar chanin gu b' mhiste,
Bu donadh mise mar b-fhearrrd i.

Chaileag bhochd rinn mi bhuaireadh,
A's chuir mi am fuath air a cairdean,
Na an deanin' a treig,
'S mairg te bheiradh gradh dhomh,
Ach orm tha curam an t-Session,
Agus seasamh chuir naire orm,
'On rinn mi a meall',
Is math 'n airidh gu 'm paighe mi.

'S math coltach na maighdeann,
A's i mar dhaoimein dheth 'n òr-dhearg,
A's gu 'm bu a leannan i oidhche,
Do mhac oighre Rìgh Deorsa ;
'S iomadh baintighearn tha n' Sassuin,
Agus cearcall na cota,
Nach mo cuimse do m' leannan 'sa,
Na Mac Ailean do n' Bhòtach.

WILLIAM SMITH, *alias* "ULLEAM RIDHE-NOAMH."

THE following excellent songs, which never before appeared in print, were the composition of William Smith, better known as "Ulleam-Ridhe-noamh," a native of the parish of Abernethy, Strathspey. Smith was a determined deer-stalker, and without either proprietors' consent or game certificate, continued for many years to indulge in the pleasures of the chase among the dark green woods of Abernethy and the misty corries of Braemar. He was a man of bold and resolute disposition, and of active and powerful frame of body. He was capable of enduring almost any amount of exposure and fatigue, and long carried on his lawless avocation in open defiance, as it were, of the keepers of the forests, and without almost any dread of fine or punishment at the hands of the administrators of the law. He was, however, ultimately of necessity compelled to relinquish this wayward and unstaidd mode of living, and having joined the army, where prospects of advancement lay before him, he served under Sir John Moore, and terminated his earthly career at Portsmouth, immediately after the landing from the disastrous retreat of Corunna. The songs of William Smith breathe the very essence of poetry. Many of his ideas are noble and exalted, and the composition of "Allt an Lochan Uaine," in particular, has been declared faultless by the most competent judges. The subjects which were most commonly chosen by the bard were of so fanciful a nature as to preclude almost all possibility of anything like an elegant or correct translation, even by the highest

talent, but the forms annexed to the first two songs may in part convey to the English reader an idea of the strain and style in which "Ulleam Ridhe-noamh" composed.

THE STALKER'S DREAM, OR "ALLT AN LOCHAN
UAINE."

Aig allt an Lochan Uaine,
Bha mi nair 'tamh,
Ged bha 'n t-aite fuar
Bha 'n fhardach fuasach blath,
Ged thigeadh gaoth 'o thuath orm
'Us cathadh luath o'n aird,
Bha Allt an Lochan Uaine,
Le' fhuaim ga m' chuir gu pramh.

Luinneag (Chorus).

Mo chailin bhoidheach chuach-bhuidhe,
Na biodh ort gruaim no greann,
Ged tha mi dol as 'm eolas
Ma's beo dhomh thig mi ann,
'S nuair bhios damh na croic
Ri boilich anns a' ghleann,
Cha d-thoirins blas do phoige
Air stor nan Innsean thall.

Oidhche dhomh 's mi a' m' aonar
'S mi comhnuidh anns a ghleann,
Ann am bothan beag na'n sgod,
Far an cluinnear boilich mheanu.

Air leam fhein gun cuala mi,
Fuaim a dol fo m' cheann,
Ag innseadh dhomb 'bhi seolta
Gun robh an tòir 's a ghleann.

Dh' eirich mi le buaireadh,
'Us thog mi suas mo cheann,
Gach badag 'bha mu 'n cuairt domh,
Chuir mi mu'm ghuailnibh teann,
Bha " Nigh 'n a chornail " shuas uam,
A choisinn buaidh 's gach am
'Us thuirt i " na biodh gruaim ort
Ma 's ruaig e na bi mall."

Shuibhail mi gach caochan,
O Laoighe gu Carn-Mhaim,
'Us bheachdaich mi gach aon diubh,
Nach bitheadh daoine annt,
Mu 'n d'eirich grian 's na speuraibh,
'S mu 'n d' fheuch i air aon charn,
Ghrad dh' aithnich mi san uair sin,
Am " Madadh Ruadh," 's a' ghleann.

Labhair mi le ceille,
'Us dh' eisd mi ris gach allt,
Mar fhreagradh iad d 'a cheile,
'Us iad gu leir gun chainnt,
Labhair mi ri m' Uachdaran,
'Thug uillt a' cruas nam beann ;
Le comhnadh 'n Fhir 'chaidh cheusadh,
Cha bhi mi fein a 'm fang.

TRANSLATION.

By the stream of the green loch, I once had my lonely dwelling, and though cold was the situation of the same, the interior was remarkably warm, and though the piercing north winds often blew the drifting snow from the brows of the mountain, the gurgling of the frozen brook soothed my weary eyes to sleep.

Chorus, addressed to the gun.—Thou who art my love, the fair yellow-haired maiden of my heart ; fret not nor frown, though I should for a time leave the place of my acquaintance, for I shall again return ; and when the antlered prince of the forest is heard proclaiming boastfully in the glen, I would not exchange the kiss of thy lips for all the yellow-coloured treasure of the low country.

One night alone, and resident in the glen, the sole occupant of that lonely shielding, methought a sound below my uneasy pillow, warning me to use every expedient, for that the prowling Reynard* was already within the bounds of the glen, and in full scent of his prey.

I lifted my head in anger, and arose ; I buckled my accoutrements fast about my shoulders. The Colonel's daughter† stood at my right hand ; she who ever behaved well in extremity—cheerily she encouraged me,

* By the "prowling Reynard" is meant the gamekeepers in pursuit.

† "The Colonel's daughter." A figurative name for his favourite rifle, the constant companion of his wanderings, and which had been presented to the bard by Colonel Grant of Rothiemurchus.

saying, "Fear not, nor frown, if it comes to close pursuit be not of lumbering pace, nor slow to action."

I travelled the course of every stream from that of the Luy to the hill of Carnavaime, and narrowly explored every hollow that might conceal the pursuers from my view, and long before the sun rose or showed his beams on the slopes of the mountains, I perceived unmistakeable marks of Reynard's presence within the bounds of the glen.

I sank into serious meditations, and mused upon the mighty majesty of that Power who caused streams to issue from the hard and rocky parts of the mountain, and who, through the merits of Him who was crucified, would rescue me from difficulty.

SONG BY WILLIAM SMITH, COMPOSED AS IT
WERE ON THE EVE OF LOSING AN ATTACHED
SWEETHEART.

THUG mi greis am an armailt Dheorsa,
Mach as m'eolas measg nan Du-Ghall;
Bheir mi nis greis eile air goraiche,
Air suibhail mointeach us dìreadh Stùc-bhean.

LUINNEAG.

Och ! mar tha mi ùs mi suibhail fàsaich,
Us damh na craic air cur a chùil rium :
Nach bochd mo chàramh 'us mi nochd gun
fhàrdaich,
'Us ged rach mi do 'n Airidh cha neil mo rùn
ann.

'S moch an diugh rin mi eiridh,
 Ach 's moiche dh-fheumin mar bidhin ciùrrta,
 Se mac na h-eilde le langan eibhinn,
 'G-iarraidh ceile rinn mo dhùsg.

Tha mo chaileag 'dol a phosadh,
 Fear gun eolas le moran cùinneadh,
 Se dh-fag mi deurach 'bhiodh ga h 'eigheachd,
 Le lagh na cleire na ceile ùmaidh.

Nach cuimar boidheach 'chruinneag chomhnard
 'Us i dol an ordugh gu stol a phùsidh,
 Se toil a càirdean 'rinn i an dràsta,
 Na 'n robh mi lamh ri cha d-rinn i an cumhnant.

Ach 's truagh rach rodh mi 's mo leannan dualach,
 'Sa bhàdan uaine an 'sa 'n goir an smùdan,
 'Sa 'n doire luacharach 'sa 'm biodh an ruadh-bhoc,
 'Us am fraoch mun cuairt dhuinn na dhualadh du-ghorm.

FAREWELL SONG BY WILLIAM SMITH ON
 LEAVING THE HIGHLANDS TO JOIN THE ARMY.

THUG mi greis an tùs 'm oige,
 Ann 'n Airm Rìgh Deorsa,*
 'S theid mi nis ann le deoin gun eigin.

'On tha mi falbh 'us g'ur fagail,
 Bidh mi 'g òl 'ur deoch-slainge,
 'S theid mi ris air sàil do'n Eiphait.

* He had served in his youth in the Strathspey Fencibles.

Ach 's iomadh damh cròcach,
 Air cheangail ann 'n còrcach,
 Thug mise an deagh ordugh 'Shair Seumas.

'Us 'n am ceangail na làir,
 Cha ne Tearlach* bu tair
 Bhidhadh na teadhairichean laidir ga 'm feuchainn.

Bhidhadh na bideagean ruisgte,
 Dhol phronnadh na 'n rùdan,
 Gu na h-eallachean ghiulain gun èisiomail.

Ma tha an dàn dhomh thighinn dachaidh,
 'Us gu 'm fas mi chaoidh beartach,
 Gheibh Tearlach 'uam breachdan a's fèile.

'S ma thig mi chaoidh dhachaidh,
 'Us gu 'm bi lus ann mo chasan,
 Bheir mi sgriob air Nic-Ailpean† ga gleus.

* This was a man who, with an old grey mare, he frequently employed to carry home the carcasses of the fallen deer.

† Another poetical term for the gun.

SUNG UPON OCCASION OF REJOICING AT THE
BIRTH OF AN HEIR TO THE GORDON ESTATES,
AND THE FIRST POETICAL ATTEMPT OF THE
AUTHOR.

LIONIBH tharis gach cuach,
Tha mu 'n cuairt do 'na bhord,
'Us bheir mise deoch-slaiente dhuibh,
Nach sarach leibh òl,
Ogha 'n fhior Laoich uasal,
Thug buaidh 'us dhuar cliu,
'Us rin pairt dheth fhuil dhoirt,
Air comhard WATERLOO.

Tha air tighinn oirne as ùr,
Shliochd na 'n Diucadin bha mòr,
Oighre og dha an fhearinn,
Rinn 'ur beathachadh o ur 'n oig,
Geug' spruta as 'n fhionean,
'S treise fraimh anns 'n duthaich,
'Us annsa na linntean bho chian,
Bha dionach do'n chrùn.

Bha na daoine bho an dan e,
Gle ard ann an cliu,
Bha iad garg 'sa 'n stri,
Ach ann 'n sith bha iad ciuin,
Ann 'n cunnart 'us 'n gabha',
Mheas na Gaidheal iad mar chul,
Us dol choinnach a namhuid,
Bu mhath an lamh air an stiuir.

Ach 's diomhan domhsa bhi leugh,
Ann 'ur 'n eisdeachd 'sa 'n uair,
Gach buaidh ghabhadh innseadh,
Gha ri shinnsearra fuaighte,
Dhuair iad urram 's na blarean,
'Us bha iad cairdeach do an tuath,
Us tha iad a nochd ann mo lathair,
Do 'n rodh am fabhairean buan.

Mar gheibh an d-oig'ear na lathean,
Bu mhath luin e bhuain,
Cluinnear fhathast e goirsean,
Mar ard Choilleach 'Taobh-tuath,
Tha pairt de fhuil na 'n Gordonach,
Gabhail comhnuidh na 'ghruaidh,
'Us mu' leannas e an duchar,
Bheir e sguirsa air luchd fuath.

Mu 'leannas e a' naduir,
'Us 'n aibhaist bu dual,
'S fiach saorach air arach,
'Us gheibh e cairdeas an shluaigh,
Guidheam nis le durachd,
Annsa gach cuis e dhol suas,
So nis dhuibh dheoch-slainge,
'Us togaibh' n-ard i mu 'n cuairt.

THE LOVELY MAID OF BADENOCH.

TUNE—*Loch Erroch Side.*

LONG may she bloom, so fresh and fair,
Cherish'd by Heaven's kind fostering care,
Nor wither in the mountain air,
That blows so keen in Badenoch.

May no rude blast or chilling storm,
Nor wasting sorrow's cank'ring worm,
E'er blight the joy or mar the form
Of her that blooms in Badenoch.

But may she live devoid of guile,
And every artful female wile,
Except that sweet bewitching smile
That graces her of Badenoch.

Although she never can be mine,
Yet mem'ry round my heart shall twine
Her dear remembrance, and confine
My sweetest thoughts to Badenoch.

Those hills which I no more may see,
Those rugged wastes that cheerless be,
Shall for her sake be dear to me,
Though far away from Badenoch.

Ah ! yes, their very names to hear,
Shall be like music to my ear,
And from my eye shall start the tear
For her I loved in Badenoch.

Oh ! Strephon, how I envy thee,
Thou'rt happier far than I can be,
Since 'tis thy fate to tear from me
The lovely maid of Badenoch.

How gladly would I choose to die,
And leave this world without a sigh,
Did she but know the love that I
Do bear for her in Badenoch.

But, be she blest, I'll not repine,
Her happiness shall aye be mine ;
Kind Heaven will aid me to resign
The lovely maid of Badenoch.

But should misfortune stern oppress,
And pour the cup of dire distress,
My cot should be a dwelling-place
For her who blooms in Badenoch.

I've drunk Love's deepest draught of woe,
And through the world must cheerless go,
While heaves my heart with many a throe,
For her I loved in Badenoch.

But words, alas ! could never tell
What feelings in my bosom swell
So now a long and last farewell,
To her I loved in Badenoch.

NOTE.—The Author, or, in this instance, more properly the Compiler, is not aware that this fine song was ever before published. It has been taken down from recitation, and whatever slight variations appeared necessary in the composition have been made. The song in its original state was, it is said, the genuine love effusion of a young man, a stranger in the district of Badenoch, who fell passionately in love with a fair maiden of the country, to whom he had never the courage to reveal his love in any other form.

WRITTEN AT KINCARDINE O'NEIL,
ABERDEENSHIRE.

THE stranger, when he sojourns here,
Should call at Barclay's Inn,
He will obtain the best of cheer
The "Gordon Arms" within.

With great acceptance Parson Cook
Presides in holy things,
And light from out the blessed Book
To narrow minds he brings.

"The young idea how to shoot,"
To solve all problems dark,
And arithmetic, branch and root,
Is taught by Master Clark.

Doctor Walker tends the sick,
Mortality opposes,
And to the suffering and the weak
Gives cordial, strengthening doses.

Professor Dinny or Dunlop
Great Dick's diploma holds,
And quickly will the progress stop
Of glanders, coughs, and colds.

The great Magician's namesake, Scott,
Gets London fashions down,
And from him always may be got
The stylish cuts of town.

Ord and Hosie deal in cloth
For men and women's wear,
And in every quantity give forth
All sorts of grocery ware.

Graham and Brown pursue the trade
Saint Crispin patronises,
And from them always may be had
The several shapes and sizes.

Sutherland and William Coutts
Work with the saw and plane,
Tin pails, oil lamps, and coffee-pots
Are furnished by M'Bain.

John Coutts provides you dainty steaks,
Pork, ham, and mutton chops ;
Bread and biscuit Ingram bakes,
And Torry mends the clocks.

Full well does Burgess know to use
The plummet, square, and line,
Cart mountings, also iron ploughs,
Are made by Valentine.

Morrison is peace-maker,
And ruffians' hands will couple,
And he who wants the messenger
Can go to Joseph Nichol.

DONALD'S ADDRESS TO THE RAILWAY ENGINE,
"AN T-EACH IARUINN," OR THE IRON HORSE.

'S 'a t-each iaruin fhuair mo mhiann,
'Nuair a thriallainn air astar ;
Is e gun diolliad a's gun srian,
Siubhal dian leinn do Ghlaschu.
'Se 'n t-each, &c.

'S ann air a bhios an t-sitrich chruaidh,
'N àm dha gluasad o'n Chaisteal ;
Tothan geala tigh'nn o shroin,
'S e ro dheonach air astar.

Cha'n iarr e fodar na feur,
'S cha'n eil siol dha mar chleachdadh ;
Ach an teine chuir r'a tharr,
'Se sud àbhaist mar bhraic-fheist.

Tha fuaim a chuibhreachan am chluais,
Mar thoireann cruaidh tigh'nn o chreachan ;
Mar ghille-mirein dol m'an cuairt,
Chi thu coilltean, sluagh, a's clachan.

Tha riadh de charbadan na dhéigh,
'San ionad fein aic bochd a's beartach ;
An uair a rachadh e na leum,
B'fhaoin do Mhac an fhéigh a leantuinn.

Sud riut a nis a ghaoith-tuath,
Dubhlan do'n lu'as tha 'n ad chasan ;
Feuch riut, Eolus na'n speur,
Ma's tu fein is trein'e air astar.

Tha 'n t-each aluinn, calma, treun,
Tha e meamnach, gleasda, reachdmhor ;
An t-each a bhuidhneas geall gach reis,
Cha'n eil feum a dhol a ghleachd ris.

'S coma leam *Coitse* na'n each mall,
Cha'n eil ann ach culaidh mhagaidh ;
Cha'n fhearr leam *Gige* na'n each fann,
Cha'n eil ann ach glige-ghlaige.

Mar chloich-mhuileann dol na deann,
Sios le gleann o bharr leachdainn,
Tha gach cuibhle' a ruith bhios ann,
Falbh le srann 'san dol seachad.

M'fheudail gobha dubh a ghual,
'Se thug buaidh air na h-eachaibh,
Leis a ghearran laidir, luath,
Falbh le sluaigh eadar bhailtean.

Linn na'n innleachdan a th'ann,
Gu sluagh a chuir na'n deann air astar ;
An litir sgriobhas tu le peann,
Ma'n dean thu rann bi'idh i 'n Sasunn.

Na'n eireadh na mairbh o'n uir,
Dh'fhaicinn gach ni ùr a-th'againn,
Cha chreideadh iad an sealladh sùl,
Nach e druidheachdan a bh'againn.

Ni e bodaich bheinn' a dhusgadh,
'S daoine-sìth bha uin' na'n cadal ;
Teichidh iad le geilt 'sna cùiltean,
Mu'n teid am mùchadh na'n spadadh.

Siubhlaidh bàt'-na-smùid air chuan,
Sgoltadh stuadh, 's ga'n cuir seachad ;
Seolaidh long o'n Airde Tuath,
Le gaoth chruaidh 's frasan sneachda.

Cha'n ionnan sud 's mo ghearran donn,
'Nuair dheireadh fonn air gu h-astar ;
Cha'n iarr e coirce na moll,
Ach uisge' na chom 'nuair bhios tart air.

Na'm faiceadh tu Iain Ruadh i's claon air,
A glaothaich gu àird a chlaigionn,
Mur stad sibh an t-each donn a dhaoine,
Cha bhi tuilleadh sooghal againn.

Bi'idh an t-eagal ann, 's cha'n ioghnadh ;
Fear ri faoineas, 's fear ri magadh ;
Chluinneadh tu iad air gach taobh dhìot,
Fhearaibh 'sa ghaoil—"What a Rattle."

Gus an rathad a bhi reidh,
'S nach bi eis air na astar,
Ni e toll am bun gach sleibh,
'S bheir e reis 'stigh na h-achlais.

A ruith roi' uamha chreagach dhorch,
Rinn am fudar gorm a' sgoltadh ;
Gu'm bheil mòran eagal orm
Gu'm buin a thoirm uam mo chlaisteachd.

Chi thu sluagh ann as gach àite,
A talamh Chanâan as a Susinn,
Eadar Peairt 'sam Brumulàth,
Eadar an Spaint a's Braigh' Lochabair.

DRAMATIC LOVE SONG, BY WILLIAM SMITH.

“BEITIDH DHONN BHOIDHEACH.”

“ Mo Bheitidh dhonn bhoidheach 's tu 's boidheche sa'n
tìr,
Am sa chlachan Di-domhnuich t-'fhalt 'n ordudh an cìr,
'Nuair shuidheas tu mu'm choinneamh, ùs 'nàm cro-
madh do chinn,
Cha bhidh ciumhne air a *Pharson* le do rosg-shuilean
mìn.

LUINNEAG.

Bhean-an-tighe na biodh sprochd ort thoir am
botul 'nuas,
Uisge-beatha math fearail nach biodh earail ri
luaidh,
Deoch-slainge mo chaileag is math leam mu 'n
cuairt,
'Us gu'n òl sinne i thairis, làn barrach, nan cuach.

Ach tha mis air mo chùradh, le sgeul 'chuala mi an dé,
Fear eile bhidh ga d'bhuaireadh le buaile do spreidh;
'Se 's fearr le do chairdibh 'us cha n'e is tàire leat fein,
'Us gar 'bu ghille e nan rocas gheibh fear storasach speis.

Ach ged tha thu 'g am fhagail, on tha mi gun spreidh,
'Us gur e lùigean is fearr leat 'charamh ort bréid,
Bitheas es' na shuain air a chluasag gun fheum,
Agus mise gu h'-uallach dol mún cuairt do na feidh.”

“ O ghaoil na toir cluais, do 'n sgeula 'chuala tu an dé,
 Cha toir mi dhuit fuath, air son buaile de spreidh ;
 Threiginn 'm Athair 's mo Mhathair 's mo chairdean
 gu leir,
 Chuirinn cùl ri fear airg'deach, ús leanuinn sealgair an
 fhéidh.”

“ 'Bhradag gun nàire thuirt 'màthair ús i leum,
 An treigeadh tusa fear fàrdaich chumadh sàbhailt thu fein,
 Aig am biodh crodh agus caorich air gach taobh do na
 bhèinn,
 'Us leanadh tusa fear-fuadain' bhiodh cuairtach an
 fhéidh.”

Ach is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo chuachag 'n-aite
 fuadain leinn fein,
 Ann an gorm ghleannan fasaich far an rànadh na feidh,
 Gun fhios do ur cairdean, gun ghàhhadh, gun bhèud ;
 'Us ged thigeadh am fuachd oir, chumainn uaipè e le
 bein.

TRANSLATION.

With thee, bonny Betsy, there is none to compare,
 With your ringlets in order you are comely and fair,
 In church upon Sabbath when you sit in my view,
 The parson's unheeded for thinking on you.

CHORUS.

Goodwife, be not saucy, rise up, and bring here
 A bottle of whisky our hearts for to cheer,
 I wish the health of my lassie round the circle to go,
 And we'll drink it clear up though the cups
 overflow.

I was yesterday told, and I grieve at the news,
That the stockholder's wealth you are likely to choose,
With your friends he's in favour, for though dark as a
crow,
The rich are respected wherever they go.

But though you forsake me because I am poor,
And that the clown's riches your love doth allure,
His head from the pillow he but stiffly will rear,
When I'm in my glory surrounding the deer.

"My dear, do not credit whate'er you've been told.
I would not forsake you for of sheep a full fold,
My father, my mother, and friends I would leave,
Riches I'd slight, and to the hunter would cleave."

With this spake her mother, "Ye jade, without shame,
Would you spurn at the suitor who has riches and
fame,
Who has houses and cattle and sheep on the moor,
And follow the hunter, though you know he is poor?"

But were I and my true love out of presence and ken,
Alone 'mong the wild harts far up in the glen,
Though unknown to her friends no mishap were to fear,
With the hide of the roebuck I would shelter my dear.

HUNTING SONG BY WILLIAM SMITH.

Ho ! gur mi tha muladach
'Sa mhonadh a's mi luim fhein.
Ann an cròag bheag bhothan,
Thog mi suas na 'm fheum ;
Cha rodh spaid na tuadh agam
Na ball m' a cuairt do 'm lamh,
Ach 'bhideag laidir bhàr-bhireach.
San leatha bhuain mi am fàl.

Tha na h-osanean air reotha' orm.
Mu 'n d-theid cheòag suas,
Tha an cathamh tighinn an rathad so,
A's gabhail dhomh 'sa chluas,
Ach glacibh mis 'Bhan-Ghranndach so,
Tha thamh mo lamh s' an uair,
A's beothaichas ise an teine dhomh,
Le fudar sgeireach cruaidh.

'N uair bbeothaichas ise an teine dhomh,
'S'n uair theid 'cheòag suas,
Tha aran ansa mhàileid,
A's cais laidir cruaidh,
'Us ni' mi fein mo shuipear dheth,
Mu 'n d-theid mi an cadal suain,
A's cha 'n cagal domh gu madain,
Ged bhithadh an oidheche fuair.

'N uair dh' eir'as mi 'sa mhadain
Air Ghlas-Allt bheir mi ruaig,

'S mar fhaigh mi ansa Ghlas-Allt,
Na fir aigeannach bhios uam,
Bheir mi'n sin an leacann orm,
'Us gu 'm beachdaich mi mu'n cuairt,
'Us gu 'm faic mi na daimh-chabarach,
Ann 'n leth taobh' Meall-an-uan.

'N uair chi mi na daimh-chabarach,
Ann 'n leth taobh 'Meall-an-uan,
Ealaidh mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
Mu 'n gabh' h-aon duigh an ruaig,
'Us gu an cuir mi air an t-shocair i,
Mu 'n las 'm fudar-cluais,
'Us fhada chluinntear a ghleidhear,
Bhios air goile an daimh rhuaidh.

Ach mar bhios an oidhche caraisach,
'Us gu 'm bi mi air mo ruaig,
Leis an Roethach a's Mac Choinnich,*
Na fir fhoilleil tha gun an truas,
Bheir mi fein am brughach orm,
'Us 'm uile uigheam orm mu 'n cuairt,
'Us gu 'n ruig mi braigh na stucan,
A's cha cuuram dhomh o thuath.

* Munro and Mackenzie, two gamekeepers in the forest of Mar, who, by close attention to their duty, had rendered themselves extremely odious to the poetic sportsman, and he often made allusion to them in his songs, sometimes not in the most complimentary terms.

DEOCH-AN-DORUIS, OR STIRRUP CUP.

At all friendly parties and festive meetings in the Highlands, the "Deoch-an-Doruis," or Stirrup Cup, was of old a usage most particularly attended to at the close of such entertainments. The guests were commonly served with the parting draught by the generous host in person, from the contents of his "own bottle," when at the door on the eve of departure, or after they had mounted their horses, and from this circumstance it obtained the name of Deoch-an-Doruis, or Stirrup Cup. The apparent capacity and willingness with which the visitors imbibed this farewell bumper, were sufficient to indicate what amount of conviviality had prevailed, and the extent to which the constitution of the party had been effected by the night's carouse. At partaking of Deoch-an-Doruis, it was customary that some choice sentiment should be expressed, such as the following, which the author had from Mr K. M'R——, a worthy and respected citizen of Edinburgh, himself a genuine Highlander, and a great enthusiast in every subject bearing upon the character of his forefathers :—

"Deoch-an-Doruis,
Deoch-an-t'shonais,
Deoch-an-deagh thuruis,
Ni' sonadh gu 'n rodh again
Ni' donadh cha bu dual duinn,
Air ghaol sith 'us eagal connas
Thugibh Deoch-an-Doruis
dhuinn."

TRANSLATION.

The stirrup glass,
The cup of bliss,
The toast of prosperous journey,
Let nought amiss
Exist 'mong us,
Be ours no silly murmuring ;
But for love of peace and fear
of strife,
Let the stirrupcup be furnished.

